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THE WORK OF THE CATHOLIC LAITY IN ENGLAND

By HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL VAUGHAN.*

I.—THE CONDITION OF THE POOR

The Catholic Church in England is deeply interested in the social, economic, and religious condition of the people. She is a Mother, whose heart bleeds for the sufferings of her children. Her mind is ever intent upon measures for their welfare. She is urged by the charity of Jesus Christ to walk in His footsteps.

In the first part of this address I shall invite your attention to the deplorable material and moral condition of the lapsed masses of the poor, especially in the great centres of population. I shall do so in order to render more convincing what I shall describe in the second part as the Social Mission confided to the Catholic laity of England.

State of Masses of the Poor

The lamentable state of the masses of our poor is largely consequent upon the vices of the upper classes in the past. It is a natural result of utilitarian philosophy, of the inordinate growth of selfish individualism, which was substituted in the 16th century for the old Catholic polity.

1. The fate of the poor has always been bound up with that of the Catholic Church. As we have seen it in Italy in the 19th century so was it in England in the 16th. The suppression of the Monasteries and the Gilds, the transference of their lands and of the great commons of England to the rich, created a lackland and beggared poor. Professor Thorold Rogers assures us that "the workman was handed over to the mercy of his employer at a time when he was utterly incapable of resisting the grossest tyranny."

2. Without ties to bind the people to the land, they have been driven, by economic or industrial pressure, especially

* Inaugural Address delivered at the Annual Catholic Conference at Stockport, Aug. 28, 1899.

of late years, in ever-increasing multitudes to the towns. Here they have herded apart from the better classes, forming an atmosphere and a society marked, on the one hand, by an absence of all the elevating influences of wealth, education, and refinement; and on the other, by the depressing presence of almost a dead level of poverty, ignorance, and squalor. They are not owners, either of the scraps of land on which they live or of the tenements that cover them; but are rackrented by the agents of absentee landlords, who know less of them than Dives knew of Lazarus. Millions of human creatures are housed worse than the cattle and horses of many a lord or squire. Nearly a million of the London poor need re-housing; the medical authority has reported against 141,000 houses as insanitary, in which the poor are huddled together, in numbers varying from four to twelve and more in a single room. What delicacy, modesty, or self-respect can be expected in men and women whose bodies are so shamelessly packed together!

Mr. Charles Booth speaks of semi-starvation as the lot of multitudes, and of an undefined line that separates hundreds of thousands from a state of pauperism. Over 40,000 starveling children attending the London elementary schools are a constant anxiety to the teachers.

The sweating system, irregular and low wages, physical weakness and race degeneracy, act and react upon each other with the precision of a law of nature.

The Drink Traffic

3. Then the drink traffic—another product of an utilitarian age and of organized egotism. I am not in favour of closing all public-houses, still less of a total suppression of the trade. But I hold that very different restrictions and regulations are demanded to those which prevail.

The houses of the trade are studded over the most squalid and poorest districts, and as so many vampires suck the life-blood out of the bodies of the poor. I know of one district in which there are over three hundred drinking shops. They are traps baited to catch the poor man. They care not who comes in—a labourer with his wages, a wife or mother in anguish and distress, a bright boy, a sickly girl, a little child—all are welcome, have they only a copper.

The coppers roll up into silver, the silver into gold, and gigantic fortunes are rapidly made. The rich become richer and richer as they eat the flesh of the poor man and drink his blood, without ever a thought to the ruin of his soul. Disease, crime, and pauperism are perpetuated; 60,000 persons a year perish through drink. Vain is the appeal to the Legislature—both Houses are too deeply interested in the trade as it stands.

It is cruel and unjust to taunt the poor with their drunkenness. This vice, like extravagance, betting, gambling, and irreligion, has filtered down to them from above. It is the richer class that is always tempting them by thrusting the drink shops under their noses. While we strenuously defend the sacred rights of private property, how can we defend the property that depends for its value upon the physical and religious ruin of a countless number of human bodies and souls?

Pauperism and Old Age

4. There is a close connection between poverty and the workhouse, now the national refuge for the poor. But the poor feel dishonoured in accepting this exchange offered to them for the lands and houses of which they indirectly were robbed in the 16th century. Professor Thorold Rogers says that "the necessity of the English Poor Law can be traced distinctively back to the crimes of rulers and their agents," and he adds that "in a vague way the poor know that they have been robbed by the great in the past, and are stinted now."*

Official returns made a few years ago present a sad and painful picture of the material and economic condition of the English poor. In the annual death-rate throughout England one in fourteen was that of a pauper in the workhouse. In Liverpool one death in seven occurred in a workhouse. In the Manchester township (before its recent enlargement) one death in every five was that of a pauper. According to the Royal Commission for Housing the Poor, one person in every five in London dies in a public hospital or a workhouse, and if the wealthy classes are excluded the

* *The Economic Interpretation of History.* Lectures delivered at Oxford, 1877-78, by Professor Thorold Rogers.

number is one in every three. This sums up the material condition of the poor in the wealthiest country in the world.

We may hope that the old age pension scheme may bring at least some remedy to this state of things. But it will depend upon the pension being sufficient to keep its recipient in frugal comfort. The well-to-do are afraid of the cost; but surely the rich are bound to tax themselves or to be taxed for their poorer brethren. I am always at a loss to understand why the colossal incomes should not be taxed at a higher rate than, say, the average net income of the upper classes. It is fitting that surplus and extravagance should be more heavily drawn upon than ordinary and legitimate expenditure.

While the movement for an old age pension comes from above, it is much to be regretted that so many of the rightful demands of the lower classes have to be won and extorted by means of agitation from below, instead of being, as in a Christian civilization they ought to be, the spontaneous action of the upper classes consequent on their intelligent appreciation of the needs of their poorer brethren. *Beatus qui intelligit super egenum et pauperem.** It is the absence of this Christian foresight and charity that necessitates agitation and strikes, setting class against class, and ever widening the chasm between capital and labour.

Robbed of their Religion

5. But by far the worst charge that can be brought by the poor against the powerful classes in times past, is that they robbed the people of the religion which had taught them the true view of life, provided them with strength and consolation under trials, bound up their lives with those of Jesus and His Blessed Mother, and given them an assured hope beyond the grave. It is a well-known Protestant author who says:—

"The main body of the people had the Church to protect them in Catholic times. The Church had great power, and it was naturally the guardian of the common people; neither kings nor parliament could set its power at defiance; the whole of our history shows that the Church was invariably on the side of the people. It was dependent on

* "Blessed is he that understandeth concerning the needy and the poor."—Ps. xl.

neither kings nor nobles; because, and only because, it acknowledged another Head. But we have lost the protection of the Church, and have nothing to supply its place."

Instead of the teaching of the Church, endless religious contradictions, Deism, indifferentism, materialism, and blank unbelief have percolated down from the so-called philosophers and thinkers of the educated classes until great masses of the people, in increasing numbers, live and die without any definite faith or religion. I visited the other day a club numbering 700 artizans. The gentlemen who were working it in a religious interest, assured me with shame and regret that not more than *forty* listen to any religious teaching. They assured me that the men had abjured every sect and form of religion, not from carelessness and indifference, but upon a settled theory that religion was only a moral police invented by the rich to keep the poor quiet in the interest of the upper classes. It is no exaggeration to say that the present condition of the poorer classes economically and religiously is attributable in a large measure to the vices and the teaching of the rich and the educated in times past.

Race for Wealth

6. And as to the present day, are things much better? We worship mammon. Life has become a race for wealth, on the principle of "every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost," scientifically termed "the survival of the fittest." Luxury has reached its record level in England. A distinguished ambassador told me the other day that what he most noticed in England, after an absence of thirty years, was the extraordinary increase in luxury and extravagance. People live up to their incomes, or beyond them; capitalists are intent on increasing their capital. Of how many can it be said *dispersit, dedit pauperibus*—he distributed his wealth with an even hand, and gave a large proportion of it to his poorer brethren? Inflated prospectuses, bogus schemes, rigging the Exchange, cornering markets, and other ventures destined to squeeze money out of the many, in order to feed the avarice of the few, are among the fruits of the pagan gospel of egotism. The following passage from the Setonian philosophy puts the case as between the rich and the

poor with a refinement of assumption worthy of an old Greek or Roman pagan:—

"The world rests on the shoulders of a syndicate, vulgarly known as 'people with money.' These support the entire framework of things, and from them all blessings flow.

"If they were to withdraw we should all suddenly freeze to death in the dark. This is what Radicals and such-like are apt to forget, when they begin to 'mess the rich about.'

"As for the common run of people, the sordidness of their lives is, no doubt, distressing in the extreme from an elevated point of view. But such as their lot is, it is the utmost of dignity, beauty, comfort and ease that can possibly be spared to them. If they insist on more, they may imperil the existence of the rich. There is not enough of these things to go round. Besides, they are used to their privations and even enjoy them in a way. Whenever the pressure's too sharp, there's the charities. And how are you to keep the charities going, if you please, without the rich?" *

Old English Teaching

Contrast this with the teaching common in England before the change. The mediæval theologians constantly taught the common Brotherhood of all men, and as a natural consequence the obligation on all to assist those who were in need. The English preachers of the 14th and 15th centuries dwelt on this topic continually; as, for instance, Bishop Brunton of Rochester (1380), who denounced as unbearable and un-Christian the creation of a gulf or chasm between the rich and the poor. He declared that it was the mission of the Church to proclaim the common Brotherhood of mankind, and to teach the rich that the poor exist in order that they may have an opportunity of acting as God's stewards on their behalf.

The author of the most popular book of English Instructions, *Dives et Pauper* (15th century), insists that no property gives anyone the right of saying, "This is *mine*," and "That is *thine*"; for property, "so far as it is of God, is of the nature of governance and dispensation." In the same way all mediæval teaching absolutely condemned the pursuit of wealth as an end in itself. Mr. W. J. Ashley, in his *Introduction to English Economic History*, says that, in pre-Reformation times, "Eagerness for gain beyond that necessary to maintain a man in his rank of life, was in itself avarice, and therefore sin" (Part ii. p. 388). The

* *No. 5 John Street*, p. 199.

inordinate heaping up of wealth was condemned, and it was proclaimed to be the bounden duty of the wealthy to act as the stewards of God's riches, and to help their brethren. Professor Thorold Rogers sums up the review of his pre-Reformation facts in this remarkable conclusion: "On the whole, there were none of those extremes of poverty and wealth which have excited the astonishment of philanthropists, and are now exciting the indignation of workmen. The age, it is true, had its discontents, and these discontents were expressed forcibly and in a startling manner. But of poverty that perishes unheeded, of willingness to do honest work and a lack of opportunity, there was little or none. The essence of life in England during the days of the Plantagenets and Tudors was that *every one knew his neighbour, and that every one was his brother's keeper.*" *

II.—THE SOCIAL MISSION OF THE EDUCATED LAITY

This heavy indictment of modern society, of which we form a part, is not intended to set class against class—the worst possible service that could be rendered to either—but, if possible, to burn into the Catholic conscience the conviction that there is a great social, economic injustice to the poor to be repented of, to be undone; that the well-to-do have a material and religious debt to the humbler classes that presses for payment, with long and heavy arrears of interest.

We are not without hopeful signs. There is an awakening among the English upper classes; a desire to improve the conditions of the poor; philanthropic and religious movements are stirring; there is a rendering of personal service, an increase in subscription lists; and legislative and administrative reforms take the right direction.

Information is spread and sympathies enlisted by such works as *No. 5 John Street*, *The Workers*, *An Experiment in Reality* (2 vols.), and the story of *In His Steps*, which has been circulated in hundreds of thousands throughout America and England, and other similar publications. These are ripples and wavelets on the surface of society; but the social waters need to be stirred to their very depth

* *The Economic Interpretation of History*, p. 63.

and the waves to rise mountain high if the work of regeneration is to be accomplished.

Responsibility of Social Position

1. And now, What is the social and religious Mission of the Catholic laity?

The influence of the Catholic laity may be exercised in many ways—through literature, science, art, and the professions. But in no way can they make their influence more effectively felt upon society in general than by direct and personal exertion to raise and save that great lower stratum of mankind, whose condition I have already referred to. I do not hesitate to place the regeneration of the poor above all other social needs. I do not hesitate to say that the *suscitans a terra inopem et de stercore erigens pauperem* * is a godlike work that ennobles every Catholic who puts his hand to it.

Social position of whatever grade is a trust. It gives power and influence—not to pamper and aggrandize *self*, but to enable the holder the better to promote the welfare of the poorer brethren. Far from social position exonerating persons from labour in behalf of their neighbour, the higher and more influential the rank the more does *noblesse oblige*.

Catholic men and women of the upper ten or of the professional and comfortable middle-classes—though rich, up to date, in the swim—exercise no appreciable Christian influence, while their lives are seen to be concentrated upon *self* in one or other of its subtle forms. But what tells, and tells powerfully, upon every rank, is to see its members devote themselves with selfless charity to bettering the condition of the humble classes whom God has made dependent on those above them.

Let the Catholic laity more and more earnestly regulate their lives according to the Christian social scheme, according to the Gospel, and they will exercise the most powerful and beneficent influence upon the nation.

Work for the Laity

It may here be asked, Is the assistance of the laity needed by the clergy, and will the clergy welcome their

* "Raising up the needy from the earth: and lifting the poor from off the dunghill."—Ps. cxii.

co-operation? The answer is extremely simple. We have 300,000 children in our schools, and the clergy have long since confided them to the care of the laity—men and women. These are in constant touch and sympathy with the clergy. They have become essential to the efficient discharge of the pastoral obligation to souls. The principle, therefore, of the active participation of the laity in the solicitude and work of the clergy is fully recognized in fact. To lose them to the Catholic schools would be disaster and ruin to the Church.

2. I go a step further, and I ask, What becomes of our children when they leave school? Experience teaches that when they leave school a multitude of them leave Mass and the Sacraments.

Nor is this surprising. What would be the effect on your own children, on the children of the rich, were they taken from college at the ages of 13, 12, 11, and cast headlong into the vortex of modern life, with no other stay and security than the half-digested instruction they had received in early childhood?

You know that the most precious period for the formation of character, and the most critical age, is that between the years of 13 and 20. The rich exhaust every resource of anxiety and care to provide for the education of their children during that period. And even then, what failures! what disappointed hopes! The children of the poor have no such advantage, and are thrown into the world at 11 or 13 years of age. Yet they have the same nature, the same weaknesses, the same passions as children of the rich, while they are exposed to ruder temptation and are left without protection.

One-sixth of the population is of school age, and one-sixth between the ages of 13 and 20. We have, therefore, say 300,000 Catholic children in school, and as many more, say 300,000, between the ages of 13 to 20. We have provided lay teachers for the first; we ought to organize a body of lay-workers to watch over and complete the training of the second. This would place one-third of our population under the direct and loving influence of zealous and educated men and women acting in harmony with the clergy. The need of this is becoming recognized, and I believe that the first quarter of the coming century will see

among us the organization, upon a wide scale, of this necessary work of co-operation for the benefit of young people between the ages of 13 and 20. It will be, indeed, a grand Catholic Brotherhood when one-third of the population is cherished and taught by elder brothers and sisters, regardless of social rank, of rich or poor.

Catholic Social Union

3. We have confraternities, gilds of devotion, and Sunday schools and clubs for the better classes, but these by no means cover the whole ground. There is a large population below the middle class to deal with, that is practically outside purely devotional and better class societies.

If I now mention the Catholic Social Union it is because I am familiar with its working, and it represents in the concrete the theory I am advancing. For five years it has been at work in some of the principal missions in London and in Sheffield; and upon the testimony of the clergy, as well as from my own personal observation, I can say that it has wrought a great social and religious improvement among the people. The experiment has been made long enough to prove its inestimable value as a secondary parochial organization, under the direction of the clergy.

The term Catholic Social Union is generic, and may include all specific organizations directed in any way to bettering the condition of the poor, such as Tertiaries at work among the people, Ladies of Charity of St. Vincent of Paul, and similar societies—without in any way interfering with the special spirit and devotional meetings of each. It is a convenient term to indicate the work that we have to do throughout England.

The name signifies the bringing back of English society to the Catholic Brotherhood, in which every man is his brother's keeper. It means the society of the rich and the poor animated, strengthened, and united by Catholic Faith, Hope, and Charity. It means practical acceptance of the injunction, "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so ye shall fulfil the law of Christ."

4. The main work of the C.S.U. is twofold:—

1st. To establish Social Clubs for the lads and lasses who have left school, especially for those of the needy classes. They are enrolled as "the members."

2nd. To bring the rich and the educated into touch and sympathy with the parents and with the homes of the working classes generally.

C.S.U. Clubs

I.—Wherever a branch of the Catholic Social Union is established, the rector of the mission, or one of the clergy, takes the general oversight and lays down any broad lines of work that may be needed by the special circumstances of the mission. The days, hours, and place of meeting for the clubs are settled by him. Where there is no other place for meeting, the school-room is the natural place for the continuation of the training of the young.

5. The first requisite for the success of a club is a trustworthy and sensible Head-Worker, who should be entrusted with considerable freedom of action, and not worried by constant interference or too much government. New works, of course, will not be undertaken without the knowledge and assent of the rector or chaplain, whose great endeavour must be to encourage, cheer on, and strengthen the Workers.

Under the Head-Worker are the Workers. Some of these may be ladies or gentlemen from a distance. But with those from a distance there should always be associated a certain number of Workers recruited from the parish. The union of Workers, drawn from both upper and middle classes, has an excellent effect upon the Workers themselves, and is essential to the spirit and work of the Catholic Social Union.

6. As to the Social Union clubs, there can be no doubt whatever that they have become a necessity in all great centres. There are clubs and gatherings all round us worked by religious people in the interest of the denominations, or by philanthropists in the interest of the natural order. They have plenty of money and manifest attractions. No wonder that many of our working boys and girls drift into these, where there are no Catholic clubs to take up their cause and provide for their wants.

The chief object of the Workers in the Social Union clubs is to win the confidence and affection of the members, to train their character, to refine their tastes, to raise their

minds, to help them over their first difficulties and trials after leaving school, to give them the friendship and encouragement of persons to whom they can look up, to unite them together by a common bond, to attach them to their religion, and to induce them to frequent Mass and the Sacraments.

The clubs are not opposed to what are called "continuation classes," provided the scholastic element be not pushed so far as to exclude the social and the recreative. It is the heart that needs training as much as the head. And it is becoming generally recognized among educationalists that amusements enjoyed in contact with persons of refinement are really educative, and far more distinctly formative of character and conduct than mere mental exercises.

The Workers pride themselves on gathering into the clubs the roughest, poorest, and most abandoned, and in forming them to a gentler and better life. They teach them by degrees thrift and economy, and a number of useful domestic arts, while they provide them with games, sports, and pleasures, and encourage them to acts of piety and religion proportionate to their condition.

The work of the clubs can be carried on only at night, between the hours of seven or eight and ten or half-past. The clergy, with their confessionals and Church services during these hours, cannot possibly do more than put in an occasional appearance, while the duties of nuns and Sisters usually hinder their being employed outside their convents during these hours of night—the only hours available for the clubs. Hence it is clear that unless these clubs are worked by the laity they cannot be worked at all. Experience has proved that school teachers, who have been grinding the whole day at the three R's, are not the best Workers of Social Union clubs. The best Workers are men and women of the world, having tact and consideration for others. All the better if they possess some special gift or accomplishment. It is not so much learning that is required as character and common-sense.

7. And here let me add that the Social Union Club can never be properly worked unless there be house-to-house visiting—unless the Workers get acquainted with the homes and haunts of the young people, and know perhaps something of their employers. The wastrels and little scamps

who play truant must be looked after when absent. They do not resent this attention, but parents and all appreciate it. It proves that they are valued by the Workers; and young persons like to be *valued.* To get full clubs, full mothers' meetings, and full churches, there must be constant visiting. It is in this way that you counteract the dead weight of the world's influence, which obscures and dulls everything that is spiritual, everything that concerns the interests of the soul.

8. It would be difficult indeed to over-rate the importance of keeping a hold on the young after they have left school. Their entire future, perhaps their salvation, will depend on the impressions made at this time. The man and the woman can be *made* when a child, but can never be *re-made* at a later age. Grown-up people themselves feel this, as Tilda in the fascinating story of *No. 5 John Street*, where she says:—"I warn't made right at the start. I was a bit o' slop work. So was Covey. That's why we both got to 'ang together on the same peg. That's jest what's the matter with all on us in John Street. We can't do no good with ourselves now. We wants pickin' all to pieces, and if you begin that, you'll only tear the stuff. Give the young uns a chance in their cradles, an' let the old uns die off; then you'll see a change. All these missions tryin' to make us mealy-mouthed!

"It makes yer larf, like, to 'ear us talkin', and to see our funny wyze. But some time you'll see us jest as we are. Then you'll git the 'ump, and cuss the dye you tried to mike a lidy out of a fightin' flower-gal.

"Oh, why didn't yer ketch me when I wer a kid?"

And so it is; you must get hold of them while they are still kids, and train them into self-respecting members of society and into good practical Catholics by the influences of the Catholic Social Union Club.

The Common Brotherhood

11.—The second object of the C.S.U. is to establish the Common Brotherhood—by bringing the rich, the educated, and the refined into personal and habitual contact with the poor and the working classes. This, of course, is no new idea. It is as old as Christianity. It is work for the laity

—they cannot do it vicariously through Priests and Sisters. There is a work of personal service that they must perform themselves. It is as necessary for the right formation of their own Christian character as it is beneficial to their poorer brethren. There are virtues that they will never acquire, if they abide in their own isolation of wealthy and pleasant surroundings. Selfishness is the bane of the upper classes, and selfishness is destroyed by a life spent in benefiting the needy.

Religious and philanthropic members of the Universities and of the Public Schools of England, and other earnest Protestant men and women, have long since been horrified and roused to action by what they had heard or seen of the deplorable condition created for the poor during the last three centuries. They have made public appeals for help and have braced themselves to deal personally with the terrible problem. Hence their Settlements in the East-End and their various other efforts and organizations to cope hand to hand with the ever-increasing and overwhelming difficulty.

1. Catholics have followed, and in some instances bettered, their example. Some have left the gay world of fashion, thrown up costly pleasures and legitimate pursuits, given up their books and their refined tastes, laid down their carriages, sold a part of their possessions, stinted themselves in untold and secret ways—and for what? to form Settlements, to consecrate their time, personal service, and means to what the world calls the dregs of humanity—the poor buried in courts and slums, living in tenements that in the interest of public health ought to have been long since swept away.

Many business and professional men, and ladies with domestic duties, give part of their life to this work of redemption, devoting so many nights a week to boys' or girls' clubs and kindred work; while others annually consecrate so many weeks or months to life in the Settlements, or to systematic visiting the poor. A new social and religious Apostolate has sprung up, demanded by the alarming growth of evil and inspired by the love of Christ.

2. But the number of Workers bears no proportion to the work to be done among the poor, no proportion to the evils to be redressed, as alluded to in the beginning of this address.

For my part I consider that as it was the bounden duty of the Church sixty years ago to organize her lay forces into an army of teachers for children of tender age, so it has now become her duty, in the present state of English society, to recruit another lay army of unpaid Workers, not only to take charge of the children when they leave school, but to live and work among the poor as lay missioners—pledged to better their social and religious condition. It has been whispered that the laity are not sufficiently employed in the work of the Church. Would to God that more among them stepped forward to throw themselves into the great Christian work of regenerating the masses in overcrowded centres of population! This work of fraternal charity is to their hand. The Church invites, nay, presses them into her service. Let them gird themselves, and put their back into the work. The chivalry of personal service to Christ in His poor is open to them. A heavenly hand holds out the guerdon of their reward.

3. Then there is the need of money. Every Club among the poor needs money beyond the pence of its members. And all work among the sick, the hungry, and the afflicted must be carried on by money or what money buys, in addition to sympathy and personal service. Thousands of pounds must be collected in sums large and small. It is madness to suppose that you can improve poverty-stricken districts with soft words and without the expenditure of money.

May God inspire the upper and middle classes to tax themselves to the utmost, to cut down their expenses, to make personal sacrifice. *Vende quod habes et da pauperibus* —"sell what thou hast and give to the poor"—is the word of Christ. They who give no personal service must, at least, give silver and gold.

High Motives

4. Lastly, a word as to the motive power of the Workers, the mainspring of their action. The Workers seek no payment or earthly reward. But they are impelled to spend a life of self-denial and fatigue, to face scenes of degradation and suffering, to court contradictions and disappointment, to turn their back upon the beauty of nature and the

preserved his memory in the minds of all Christian peoples. Surius, Baronius, the Bollandists, Tillemont, and many other authors of note have recounted, with gravity and precision, the simple but beautiful story of his life. Churches in Rome, in other Italian cities and towns, in France, in England, and even in the Far East, have been erected in his honour. His Feast has been kept, and his Office said, in East and in West, from the earliest days to the present time.

Though he is called "the Martyr Saint of Rome," Sebastian was born at Narbonne in Gaul. Some writers state that he was of Italian parentage, and that both his father and his mother were Milanese; others affirm that his father was a native of Narbonne, his mother only being of Italian origin. The date of his birth is not known with certainty, but the year of our Lord 255 is given by most authors who venture to decide the question at all.

There are few, if any, records of his early life. Though born at Narbonne, where in later years a church was dedicated to his name, he was educated at Milan, where he commanded the respectful reverence both of his companions and of his elders, by his prudence, his gentleness, his sincerity, and his unostentatious goodness of life. The education which he received was a military one, as his parents intended that he should enter the Roman army, and follow the profession of arms, which was then, as it is now, considered a noble and dignified calling.

At the age of twenty-eight, leaving Milan, he went to Rome, and there, under the Emperor Carinus, he carried out the wishes of his parents by joining the ranks of the army. The future martyr had no natural drawing to a military life, it is said; he became a soldier that he might be of help to his fellow-Christian soldiers, some of whom, under stress of the persecution, which in those days was continuous, were wavering in the profession of their faith. Although by nature and choice he was a man of peace, Sebastian distinguished himself in the military profession, and was famed for his courage and valour; and his rare tact and power of organization stood him in good stead. The emperor quickly learned to value his loyal service, and to appreciate his soldierly qualities of body and mind.

In the year 285 Carinus was defeated and slain in the Battle of Illyricum. His successor Diocletian held Sebastian in high esteem, as did also his colleague Maximinian, whom, in the following year, the emperor associated with himself in the government of the vast empire. Not knowing that the brave young soldier was a Christian, the Emperor promoted him to a captaincy in the army, and placed him over a company of the Pretorian Guards, in order that he might retain an officer so valiant and chivalrous near to his own person, the Pretorian soldiers being the body-guard of the emperor when in Rome.

It was no unusual occurrence, in the days of the early persecutions of the Church, for soldiers and courtiers to be Christians in disguise. They did not deny their religion—they would rather have shed the last drop of their blood than disown the faith which they valued more than life itself; neither did they take any part in the pagan ceremonies and the religious rites of the Roman people, which, in their inmost hearts, they abhorred; but they did not, till called upon to do so, make public profession of their faith, lest they should be impeded in their work for souls. Unknown as Christians, they did the work of Christ, encouraging each other, helping their brethren in different parts of the city and of the empire, and not infrequently winning souls that were in darkness to the light of truth. Thus, in the year 286, when the persecution raged with more than ordinary violence, Pope St. Caius, who was afterwards martyred, concealed himself, as did many of the contemporary Christians, in the very palace of the emperor, under the protection of a Christian officer of the Court, named Castulus.

It was about this time, as we shall have occasion to relate, that Chromatius, the Governor of Rome, was secretly converted by St. Sebastian to the faith of Christ. After his conversion he resigned his position in the city, as it was incompatible with the practice of the Christian religion; and having, on some other plea, obtained the emperor's permission, he retired into the country. Many of the newly-received converts accompanied him to his country estate. He endeavoured to persuade Sebastian to go with them to help and encourage them in the exercise of their but recently found faith. Our saint, however, who aspired to the martyr's death as the goal of his apostolate and the crown of his life,

preferred to remain in Rome. Polycarp, a holy priest, and Sebastian, his friend and lay-helper, both looked forward to martyrdom, and both, consequently, wished to remain amidst the dangers of Rome, rather than to retire with Chromatius and his Christian followers into the safe and peaceful solitude of Campania. It was of importance that one or other should go; and a holy contest took place between them, of which St. Augustine speaks with joyous admiration, as to which of them should be privileged to remain, the sooner to meet the martyr's death and the martyr's crown. Ultimately the question was referred to the Pope, who decided that Sebastian's presence would be of greater help to the Church in Rome; and the zealous services of the holy layman were for the nonce preferred to the sacred ministrations of the saintly priest. Earnest priests were more easily found than apostolic laymen. Polycarp accompanied Chromatius, the ex-governor, and his faithful adherents, to instruct them more fully in the tenets of the Catholic Creed, and to minister to them in their spiritual need. Sebastian remained in Rome, a soldier of the empire, a faithful servant of the emperor, and yet a defender of the Christian faith, a warrior and yet an apostle, a loyal subject of his Imperial master and yet a humble disciple of the Pope of Rome, the Father of all the faithful throughout the Christian world.

Some of those who chose to stay in Rome were ordained priests, others deacons, others again sub-deacons, that they might be of spiritual service to their brethren. Sebastian, however, remained through life a faithful layman, an ideal layman, a model layman to all time. He was a pattern layman, and was to be the laymen's patron. He was named by the Pope "defender of the Church," a title or office given, in the early days of terrible ordeal, to those who were fired with zeal in the cause of Christ, and who were specially devoted to the service of the Church and the poor.

The title "defender of the Church" summarizes the life of Sebastian. He continued to labour to the end of his thirty-three years—"going about doing good," instructing the ignorant, counselling the doubtful, encouraging the wavering, converting the pagans, and strengthening the faith of the Christians by word and work, by prayer and holy edifying example.

II.—HIS APOSTOLATE

"New hearts before their Saviour's feet to lay,
This is their first, their dearest joy;
Their next from heart to heart to clear the way
For mutual love without alloy:
Never so blest as when in Jesus' roll
They write some hero soul,
More pleased upon his brightening road
To wait, than if their own with all his radiance glow'd."

Sebastian's motive in entering the army of proud imperial Rome was, as we have seen, zeal for souls. He became a loyal and valiant soldier, that he might, at the same time, fight the battles of the Lord. This thirst for souls prompted him to refuse to quit the Eternal City for the peaceful, restful home of Chromatius in Campania, this, and his desire, after having lived for our Lord, to die for the Christian Creed. He was a layman, but he was withal an apostle—a lay-apostle. May the Divine Lover of souls raise up many such apostles in our day, and in our land! In his position as a soldier, an officer, and a courtier, he found abundant scope for his untiring zeal. He could not, it is true, administer sacraments; his mission was not to preach; but by his fervent prayers, his earnest words, and the potent example of his holy life he did a greater work than that of many a zealous priest. By instructions on the articles of the Creed he prepared many for baptism at priestly hands; by his burning exhortations to fidelity, he encouraged many, already baptized, to persevere in the grace of their calling. Like the brave mother of the seven sons, he prevailed upon others to "die, rather than transgress the laws of God received from their father." To his words, inspired by zeal, many are indebted for their martyr's crown and their palm branch of eternal victory.

Marcus and Marcellianus, the twin-brothers who are commemorated by the Church in her Office and Mass on the 18th of June, owe to him, under God, that they belong to "the white-robed army of martyrs," and that they are "numbered amongst the saints in eternal glory." They were cast into prison for the faith which they had professed from their early years. The sons of Tranquillinus and Marcia,

they were of gentle blood, and were rich in this world's goods. Their parents, who were as yet pagans, by their influence prevailed upon Chromatius, the Governor, to defer the carrying out of the death sentence passed upon them for thirty days, to enable them to try to shake their constancy, and to induce them to save their lives by sacrificing to the gods of Rome. They used every argument that parental love could suggest, but all in vain. Then came their wives and children, and with tears and loving words begged of them, for their sake, to offer incense to the gods of Rome, and so escape the cruel death which awaited them. Sebastian, seeing that the prayers and tears of the loved ones were beginning to move hearts which, although Christian, were still human and not hearts of stone, stood up, and in the presence of the parents, relations, and friends of the martyrs, addressed them in words of burning eloquence, reminding them of the shortness of time, the vanity of earthly hopes, and the emptiness of worldly things; and encouraging them to suffer for a time, that they might rejoice in eternity, to lose their lives that they might find them in the home of God. "O most valiant soldiers of Christ!" he exclaimed, "do not, at the prayers and tears of women and children, forfeit your eternal crown." Then addressing the bystanders in impassioned words, the holy man cried out: "O friends, O parents, O wives of these holy men, of these saints, do not call them from life to death, from light to darkness, from joy to sadness, from eternal rest to eternal pain!" As he spoke, the soldier-saint was encircled by a light from heaven, and, like another Stephen, his face shone as the face of one "full of grace and fortitude," and (according to the Acts, quoted by Surius) seven angels were seen by those present to clothe him in a robe of white, emblem of his purity and his zeal. His counsels prevailed; not only were the martyrs strengthened in their faith, but their parents and relations were won to the Church of God.

Tranquillinus, the father of Marcus and Marcellianus, was visibly impressed by the earnest words of our lay-apostle. Marcia, the mother, in like manner was moved by the force of his reasoning and the power of his loving zeal. They were both instructed by Sebastian in the belief of the Christian Church, and were baptized by Polycarp,

with a number of their friends. Marcus and Marcellianus had the joy of welcoming their venerable parents to the fold of Christ, and of hearing them make their profession "of that faith which they had formerly endeavoured to prevail upon them to deny." "Their children arose and called them blessed." Tranquillinus on the day of his baptism was privileged to receive a miracle at the hands of the Most High. For eleven years he had suffered excruciating pain from an exaggerated form of chronic gout. He could not raise his hand to his mouth, and when he was preparing to receive the sacrament of baptism the effort caused him intense suffering. St. Polycarp asked him if he believed with all his heart that Jesus Christ could both take away sin from his soul and heal him of his infirmity of body. "I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God," he exclaimed; "and that He can take away both sin and bodily pain. Nevertheless, I ask only for the remission of my sins, and if He leaves me my pain, I shall still believe in the faith of Jesus Christ." He was baptized and anointed with the holy chrism; but before his baptism the gout left him suddenly, as he exclaimed: "Thou, O Christ, art the one true God, whom this miserable world in its blindness does not know." He was afterwards ordained priest by St. Caius the Pope, and in the end suffered death for the faith, being stoned by the people whilst praying at the tomb of St. Paul. St. Marcia was baptized with her husband, as also were the wives and children of their sons Marcus and Marcellianus.

The lay sermon of St. Sebastian in the house of Nicostratus, where the prisoners Marcus and Marcellianus were confined, was a memorable one, and one which was fruitful in souls. When the harvest was gathered in, the souls numbered sixty-eight. They were all baptized by St. Polycarp, Sebastian being godfather to the men, and Beatrix, who was afterwards martyred, acting as godmother to the women. Amongst this number were Nicostratus, an official of the State, called the *Primiscerinus*, or, as we should say, "the Master of the Rolls," and Zoe his wife. It was in his house that our zealous lay-apostle preached the lay sermon to which we have alluded, and the Primiscerinus formed one of the audience. His wife was the first to declare herself a Christian, moved thereto,

perhaps, by a miracle of power. For six years her tongue had been tied by palsy; she was unable to utter a word. Falling at Sebastian's feet she prayed earnestly that she might speak. He made the sign of the Cross over her tongue, and the strings were loosened, and she spoke in a clear and distinct voice. The first words she uttered were in praise of our saint and in honour of the God "who gave such power to men." "Blessed art thou" (she cried out), "and blessed the word of thy mouth, and blessed are they who, through thee, believe in Christ, the Son of the living God. For with mine own eyes I saw an angel come to thee from heaven, and hold a book before thee, from which thou didst read thy sermon. Blessed, therefore, are they who believe all that thou hast said; and cursed are they who shall doubt, be it but one word, of all that thou hast spoken. For as the sun at its rising dispels the darkness of night and opens the eyes that night has made blind, so the light of thy words has removed all darkness, and has revealed a bright day, after the darkness of night, to the eyes of all who believe. From me it has removed the darkness of unbelief, and has opened my mouth, which for six years a cruel infirmity had closed." This faith in Christ and the Christian teaching of the soldier apostle, she afterwards confessed, not only in words but by her life. She was arrested whilst praying at St. Peter's tomb on the Feast of the Holy Apostles; and being hung over a fire by the heels, she was stifled with smoke and roasted alive.

Nicostratus, her husband, witnessed the miracle, and heard the lips, so long dumb, speak; he was also converted to the faith. Throwing himself at Sebastian's feet, he asked pardon for having retained the saints in prison; he besought the Christian prisoners to depart, professing his willingness to die for having given liberty to the innocent servants of the Lord. He bade Claudius, the gaoler, to bring all the prisoners to him, both Christians and pagans. St. Sebastian gave them an exhortation on the gospel of Christ. They were moved to tears at the words of the holy man, and at the gospel of the Son of God, which they heard for the first time. St. Polycarp was brought from his hiding-place, and after they had kept a holy, a penitential, and yet a joyful vigil, they were baptized by the

saintly priest in the name of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. During the ten days which remained of the thirty days' respite granted by Chromatius the Governor, at the prayer of Tranquillinus, these newly-made Christians prepared for the martyr's death that awaited them, and all—men, women, and even little children—rejoiced with the apostles, that they were "esteemed worthy to suffer for the name of the Lord Jesus."

Amongst those baptized by St. Polycarp was Claudius, the gaoler, together with his two children, Felicissimus and Felix, who had all heard from Nicostratus of the miracle wrought upon his wife. The two sons of Claudius were healed of a cruel infirmity from which they suffered, the miracle occurring at the moment of their receiving baptism.

Perhaps the most interesting and remarkable of the conversions effected by our saint was that of Chromatius, the Prefect of Rome, with Tiburtius his son. When the thirty days' respite granted by the Prefect to Marcus and Marcellianus had expired, he sent for Tranquillinus their father. Tranquillinus gratefully thanked the Prefect for the thirty days' grace which he had accorded, the more especially (he added), because during these days the children had been reconciled to their father, and the father had become of one mind with his children. "Let them come, then," said the Prefect, "and offer incense to the gods." Tranquillinus explained that the conversion was the other way; that the father had embraced the religion of his children, and that they were all Christians. He then related to him how he had been cured of the gout. Chromatius, who suffered from the same complaint, so common amongst the good-cheer-loving Romans, promised him a large sum of money if he would procure for him the remedy so efficacious in his own case. "The only remedy," he replied, "is one that is not bought with silver and gold; it is to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ." "Bring me him who made thee a Christian, then," replied the Prefect. St. Polycarp came secretly to the palace, under the Prefect's safe conduct. "I will give thee half I possess," Chromatius said to the holy priest, "if thou wilt cure me." "I could not for money," said the man of God; "that would be simony. Believe in Christ, and thy darkness shall be removed, and

thy sickness at the same hour." Then he ordered him a three days' fast, and instructed him in the way of God. At the end of three days Polycarp came again to the Prefect, accompanied by Sebastian. Chromatius asked to be baptized, with Tiburtius his son. Sebastian warned him that it was useless to be baptized merely for the hopes of a cure, assuring him that his only hope was faith in the Son of God. "Break all thy idols as a profession of thy belief in the one true and living God." The three prayed together, and then broke some two hundred idols. The Prefect, however, was not cured. "Thou hast yet something else which it behoveth thee to break," the zealous soldier said. Chromatius admitted that he still had an observatory made of crystal, which he used in his astrological observations —*i.e.* in forecasting future events from the aspect and position of the stars—but this was an heirloom in the family, and he wished to keep it as an ornament to his house. Sebastian protested again, that unless this was destroyed, the cure would not be granted. Tiburtius, the son, not wishing to lose an object of such value, and at the same time very unwilling to stand in the way of his father's restoration to health, had a fire made in two furnaces, ready to burn St. Polycarp and St. Sebastian, if, when the observatory was destroyed, his father was not cured. The condition was accepted. As the instruments of divination were broken, a young man appeared to Chromatius, saying: "I have come from Jesus Christ to cure thee." He arose in perfect health, and running after the young man, wished to kiss his feet. The young man would not allow it, till he was cleansed and sanctified by baptism. Chromatius threw himself at St. Sebastian's feet, and Tiburtius prostrated before St. Polycarp. After forty days' preparation, during which they asked pardon of their enemies, gave up their occasions of sin, and were instructed in the law of the Lord, they were both baptized. Chromatius, as we have seen, resigned his position as Prefect of Rome and retired to Campania. Tiburtius was ordained sub-deacon; was betrayed by an apostate Christian, and, after enduring many torments, was beheaded on the Lavican Road, three miles from Rome. His name, with that of his father, occurs in the martyrology on the 11th of August, the one being a martyr, the other a confessor of the faith.

The names we have mentioned as the fruits of Sebastian's zeal, occur in the Roll of the Saints, the Martyrology of the Church, and in the Acts of the Early Martyrs. To the active earnestness of our lay-apostle they owe at once the priceless pearl of faith, the gift of divine love "more precious than silver and gold," and (in most instances) the crowning grace of martyrdom. Many more conversions might be adduced, but these few out of many are given to show that our saint was an apostle, and that his was not an ordinary apostolate, for, although he was a layman, he was the apostle of martyrs and of saints.

III.—HIS MARTYRDOM

"What is Death, Father?"
"The rest, my child,
When the strife and the toil are o'er;
The angel of God, who calm and mild,
Says we need fight no more;
Who, driving away the demon band,
Bids the din of the battle cease;
Takes banner and spear from our failing hand,
And proclaims an eternal peace."

To live for Christ, to work for Christ, to fight and die for the Christian Faith—this was Sebastian's sole ambition. It was for this he came to Rome, on this account he refused to leave Rome till he had reached the triple goal of his life—the work of an Apostle, the reward of a Confessor, the crown of martyrdom for Jesus Christ. He wore a soldier's armour that it might cover a Christian heart; he carried in one hand a warrior's spear, that with the other hand he might wield a spiritual sword. His ideal life was portrayed, as though prophetically, by St. Paul, two centuries before he was born. "Wherefore take unto you the armour of God that you may be able to resist unto the evil day, and to stand in all things perfect . . . . having on the breastplate of justice, and your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace: in all things taking the shield of faith, wherewith you may be able to extinguish the fiery darts of the most wicked one; and take unto you the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of

God." * This was the spiritual armour of our warrior-saint. He was at once a loyal soldier of the Roman Emperor, a faithful captain of the brave Pretorian Guard, and a warrior of Christ, doing battle for the Eternal King. As a Roman soldier he never quailed and was never overcome by external foe; as a soldier of Christ he was to fall, but his fall spelt victory, his defeat meant conquest, his death was but another word for life. "Unless the grain of seed die, it alone remaineth; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." † He died—to self, to the world, to earth and earthly things; he brought forth much fruit—in time and in eternity.

His apostolate was at an end; it was to be sealed with his blood; it was to be consecrated by his death "in defence of the Gospel." "He that loveth his life shall lose it; he that hateth his life in this world keepeth it unto life everlasting." ‡ He had encouraged others to die for Christ, he had to apply to himself the words of encouragement which he had spoken to others; he had exhorted many to drink of the chalice of suffering, he himself had now to drink it, even to its very dregs. How often at his inspiring and perhaps inspired word, had souls gone forth in generous sacrifice to God.

> "One presses on, and welcomes death,
> One calmly yields his willing breath;
> Nor slow, nor hurrying, but in faith
> Content to die or live."

The Church of God, which he has so faithfully served, now calls upon him to mingle his blood with the holy slain in testimony of the faith.

> "She dares not grieve, but she must weep,
> As her pale, placid martyr sinks to sleep,
> Teaching so well and silently
> How at the Shepherd's call the lamb should die:
> How happier far than life the end
> Of souls that, infant-like, beneath their burden bend."

He had served the Master well, and now the Master says that "he need fight no more," and taking "banner and spear from his failing hand proclaims an eternal peace." In

* Eph. vi. 13–17. † John xii. 24. ‡ John xii. 25.

the Master's own words: "If any man minister to me let him follow Me; and where I am there shall My minister be. If any man minister to Me, him will My Father honour." *

It was in the year 288 that the Emperor Diocletian, through the evidence of a traitor, discovered at length what he had not known before, that his faithful soldier, his brave, courageous, lion-hearted warrior, the loyal captain of his favourite guard, was a Christian. He had done his duty to king and country, this none could gainsay; but he had "another King besides Cæsar," another country besides Rome and its vast empire. The other King was greater, the country infinitely more vast, but King and country were invisible to mortal eyes. Allegiance to them, being purely spiritual, did not detract from the allegiance due to the Roman emperor and the Roman empire. Nevertheless, in these days, this spiritual allegiance was deemed a crime, a crime against the State, a crime of high treason punishable with death. The light of Sebastian's faith could no longer remain hid under the bushel of prudence and reserve. He was found out to be a Christian, by those whose object it was to discover, in the name of the emperor, all who professed the name of Christ.

On account of his high position as captain of the Prætorian Guard, Sebastian was summoned, not before the Prefect or Governor of Rome, but before the emperor himself. Diocletian reproached him with infidelity to himself. "I have given thee a place amongst the first in my palace, and behold thou, in secret, hast been working against me and against the gods." "Not so," St. Sebastian replied; "I have prayed to God for thy salvation, and in my worship of Christ I have ever borne in mind the needs of thy empire. I have adored the God who dwells in heaven, knowing that it was in vain to ask help of gods made of stone."

The emperor, in his anger, condemned our saint to be taken to an open field, to be tied to a stake, and then to be used as a target for the arrows of the soldiers, till he was dead. This was accordingly done. At day-dawn he was taken to a field in the vicinity of the palace, which was planted with trees, to one of which he was securely bound. Then the swarthy savage sol-

* John xii. 26.

diers, who were all picked marksmen, one by one drew their bowstring, and the arrows flew through the air thick and fast, and with unerring certainty found a home in the trembling flesh of the heroic martyr of Christ. The martyrdom was a slow one, as it was intended to be. They might at once, these Numidian archers, had they chosen, have dispatched him at the first shot, but that would have spoiled their brutal sport, nor would it have satisfied the emperor's desire that to the captain of his guard should be meted out a death as slow as it was sure. At length, as they thought, the arrows had done their dread work; the body was covered with them; the flesh was riddled with wounds; the martyr's head bowed low; he was unconscious of the things of earth, he no longer felt the piercing of the arrows, nor the bleeding of the countless wounds. They undid his body from the tree, and it fell as though lifeless to the ground. No wonder that the soldiers left him for dead, and that Christians and pagans, friends and foes alike, seeing the pale flesh lying prone on the bloodstained earth, covered with barbed arrows and bleeding wounds, either mourned or rejoiced at his death. The archers of Mauritania had done their work well, so they thought, and so they said—Sebastian, the captain of the guard, was no more.

It was not so, however. No arrow had pierced any vital part of his body although it was riddled by their cruel barbs—Sebastian lived. Irene, a Christian woman, the widow of St. Castulus, going out to give the martyr's body Christian burial, till such time as his relics might with safety be exhumed and be reverently preserved, found him still living. She took him to her home and nursed him with gentle care till he recovered from the effects of his many wounds.

To Sebastian the disappointment of his awaking was cruel. He had gone through the pains of martyrdom, and yet had not received the martyr's crown. He had hoped to have awakened in heaven, and still was he upon earth. The Christians who visited him in the house of the holy widow, exhorted him to escape from Rome. He would not do so, lest escaping from Rome, he should lose that which he had ever prized more than life itself, a martyr's death and crown. One day he boldly went to the emperor's

palace and stood on a staircase by which he knew that Diocletian would pass. The emperor, seeing him, was alarmed, imagining that he saw one who had risen from the dead. The saint reproached him with his cruel injustice in persecuting innocent Christians who were the friends of the Government and of the Governors of the State, who daily prayed for Rome, for the success of the Roman arms, and for the wellbeing and prosperity of the empire. Quickly the emperor recovered from his fright at seeing, as he thought, the ghost of one whom he believed to have been slain. He ordered him to be again immediately arrested, and then to be taken to the circus of the palace, and there to be beaten with cudgels till he was done to death; then his body was to be thrown into the great sewer which runs through the imperial city of Rome, and empties itself into the dark, gloomy Tiber.

The sentence was carried out: the desire of St. Sebastian's life was realized at length. He closed his eyes to the lurid light of this world, and opened them to the unfailing light of heaven on the 20th of January A.D. 288. Like St. Stephen, he, being full of the Holy Ghost, looking up steadfastly to heaven, saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing at the right hand of God."*

His body was cast into the common sewer; but Lucina, a pious Christian, having been admonished by the saint in a vision or dream, came with her servants in the dead of night, removed the body, and reverently buried it, remaining by the tomb of the martyred soldier for thirty days, in holy prayer. Many years after, when peace was restored to the persecuted Christians, she changed her house into a church, and "appointing the church her heir (the old chronicle says) she rested in Christ who liveth and reigneth for ever and ever.—Amen."

* Acts vii. 55.

IV.—LIFE AFTER DEATH

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime;
And departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

Every man worthy of the name—every one, that is, who has been true to his manhood—his social, Christian, religious, and moral manhood—who has risen to the level of true humanity, who has faithfully and consistently done his duty to his God, his country, his fellow-men, and to himself, lives after death. For him "there is no death." It is only his body which dies: his memory lives on earth, his spirit in heaven. His works outlive him, or rather he lives in his works when his body is at rest in the clay. Woe to the man who is not missed when he goes; who leaves no blank in the world, no place to be filled, no hearts to mourn him, no tongues to deplore his loss; who, departing, leaves behind him no "footprints on the sands of time"! His life has been in vain, his days squandered, his talents hidden in the ground. Every man has a duty to his fellow-man, a work to do for others as well as for himself. To the question of Cain: "Am I, then, my brother's keeper?" the answer is an emphatic *Yes:* "God has given to every one charge of his brother." We are parts of a system. The world is as a great living watch, of which we men, women, and children are the living wheels. Each depends upon the other, each is influenced by the other, each adds to the regularity and wellbeing of the whole. When a wheel is removed it is missed, and another must take its place. When a wheel ceases to move, there is disorganization in the mechanism of the entire system. If we are not missed when we go, it is a sign that we have been wanting to our work, that we have "stood all the day idle," that we have failed in our life amongst men. According to our Catholic creed, a saint, though he leaves a great void on earth, when he goes, is still of service to his brethren who remain; the sphere of his work is transferred to the home of the Father above; the saints live after death. "The souls of the just are in

the hands of God; and the torment of death shall not touch them. In the sight of the unwise they seemed to die; and their departure was taken for misery; and their going away from us for utter destruction; but they are in peace. . . . Although in the sight of men they suffered torments, their hope is full of immortality. As gold in the furnace He hath proved them . . . . and in time there shall be respect had to them. The just shall shine, and shall run to and fro like sparks among the reeds."* This is life after death.

Sebastian was, when on earth, a defender of the Church, a spiritual warrior in the army of God, a confessor of the faith, an apostle amongst men, and in the end a martyr, testifying by his blood to the cause of the truth, and to the divinity of the Church of God. And when the heavens were opened to him, and the gates were lifted up, and he entered in as a victorious soldier of the King of Glory, earth was not closed to him, for he still lived, and still lives amongst men. "His memory endureth from generation to generation," encouraging all of each generation to walk in his steps and follow his ways. The remembrance of his singular piety, his uncompromising fidelity to the cause of truth, his glorious lay-apostolate, his earnestness in the work of the Church, are all as "a pillar of fire" and "a pillar of cloud" to lead us on to our home. His prayers before the throne of God have done more for the world since they were allied to the voice of his blood, than they could have ever done before. As a martyr saint, he has had more influence before the throne of the King of Martyrs than he could ever have had as a confessor before men. He who fought for the Church when on earth, now pleads for the Church when in heaven. He who led a life of holiness to the edification of men, now prays that others may edify even as he edified, and may, through the edification of a holy life, win many souls to God and truth. He who preached lay-sermons to embryo Christians and future martyrs, speaks words of heavenly wisdom to the world of to-day. His words, his works, his example have come down through sixteen centuries of years, and are heard, and seen, and followed in our time. These are the "footprints on the

* Wisdom iii. 1-7.

sands of time," this is the life after death. Life is the short period between two eternities (as we conceive it, though in reality it is but one); it is influenced by all that has preceded, it influences all that follows. We are not really born till we have passed through the gates of death. True life really begins after death, and with that life an influence which endures. Pre-eminently is this true of the life of a saint. St. Dominic's dying word to his sorrowing brethren expresses this well: "I shall be more helpful to you where I am now going, than I have ever been in this life." The life after death is the life that lives, and the life that is acting and active.

The spirit of St. Sebastian has lived through the ages, and its influence has been felt on earth. Miracles have attested his power in the world, although his spirit is with God. Paul the Deacon tells of Rome having been delivered from the pest in the year 680 by the intercession of our saint, in commemoration of which miracle his statue was erected in the Church of St. Peter's Chains. Milan, in like manner, the birthplace of his mother, was preserved from a similar calamity in the year 1575 by the prayers of the Church's sainted son. Twenty-four years later the people of Lisbon invoked his aid, when they, too, were threatened by the same terrible scourge, nor did they invoke in vain. Many other works of miraculous powers, wrought at Sebastian's prayers, in many lands, and at various times, bear witness, to the life that lives, to the saint's interest in the Church that endures, and to the gentle spirit which still breathes upon men.

As we have before said, St. Sebastian is one of the best known and best loved of the Church's early martyr saints. St. Lawrence, the deacon, and St. Sebastian, the layman, have always appealed with the greatest confidence to the reverence and devotion of Christians. They, perhaps, of all the early martyrs, if we except St. Stephen, the earliest of all, have been the most lovingly enshrined in the heart of the Catholic Christiandom. Catholics have been eager to venerate the relics of St. Sebastian—the body which for the faith of Christ suffered and died, the arrow-pierced flesh, the tongue that instructed many unto justice, the head which set other heads a-thinking, or the heart which moved other hearts to love God.

At the beginning of the fifth century a church was built over the tomb which enclosed his body and was dedicated to God in his name—the church in which St. Gregory the Great delivered some of his famous homilies, a church which became one of the most celebrated of the many churches in the city or suburbs of Rome. Several of the early Popes, it is said, wished to translate the body of our saint from his church outside the wall into one of the churches in the heart of the Eternal City, but by the intervention of heaven were prevented from so doing. At the request of the Emperor Louis the Debonnaire, Pope Eugenius II., however, allowed the precious relic, or a part of it at least, to be translated to the historical Abbey Church of St. Medard at Soissons in France, which in consequence was sometimes called "the Church of St. Medard and St. Sebastian." Some of his remains are found, too, in other churches and in other lands, some perhaps of these which were plundered and desecrated at Soissons by the Huguenots in the year 1564. His head is preserved at Esternach; other portions of his relics at Paris, Brussels, Antwerp, Tournay, and in several churches in Rome. Churches have been erected and consecrated to the service of God in the name of St. Sebastian, abbeys have been founded, and convents have been placed under his patronage in different parts of the world.*

In pre-Reformation days in England, our fathers, who professed the faith which St. Sebastian preached and practised, were devoted to the memory of the third century lay-apostle and martyr. They built churches and founded chapels, and established gilds in his honour and to the glory of his name. Few, perhaps, remain to this day, but there are some still standing as evidence of our forefathers' loyalty and love. The Church of SS. Fabian and Sebastian at Woodbastwick in Norfolk, which still bears the titular dedication, dates from the thirteenth century. Lincoln Cathedral had a Chapel of St. Sebastian, to which allusion is made in the will of Bishop Smyth, which was proved on the 30th of January in the year 1514. The chapel, it is there stated, was on the south side of the Cathedral Church, near to the spot which the Bishop

* A large Dominican Church of St. Sebastian is now in course of erection at Pendleton, Manchester.

selected for his burial. Bishop Smyth's tomb was to the west of Bishop Alnwick's, on the south side of the nave, near the second pillar counting from the west end, the spot where that prelate had been wont to stand when the procession halted. This information will help the reader to localize the former Chapel of St. Sebastian. It is interesting to note, that, as late as 1531, a condition of Bishop Smyth's will was still carried out, which provided that the chaplain of his chantry should say mass each morning at 8 o'clock.* At St. Botolph's, Aldersgate, there was formerly a gild of SS. Fabian and Sebastian, and during the reign of Edward the Third, according to the records, a house was granted to the gild. St. Sebastian found a home in the hearts of our fathers in the faith; may he find one still in the hearts of their children! They had churches and chapels and gilds in his name; we, their children, would do well to emulate and imitate their practical piety and their earnest zeal.

The Holy Mass has been celebrated, and the Divine Office been said each year in honour of our saint. His feast has been kept in the Latin Church on the 20th of January, since very early times.† Artists and sculptors have perpetuated his memory, his martyrdom having been one of their favourite themes. Gilds of laymen, confraternities and sodalities of women and of men, have been formed under the shadow of his venerable and venerated name. In a word, he has ever lived, through the ages, in the memories, the minds, and the hearts of men.

* "Notes on Mediæval Services in England, with an Index of Lincoln Ceremonies," by C. Wordsworth, M.A. (1898).

† "SS. Fabian and Sebastian" is the title of the Feast. St. Fabian was a holy Pope who suffered martyrdom in the year 250, on the same day as our saint, though not in the same year.

V.—THE LESSON OF HIS LIFE

"But why, you ask me, should this tale be told
To men grown old, or who are growing old?
It is too late? Ah, nothing is too late
Till the tired heart shall cease to palpitate."

The want of the age is a lay-apostolate; the life of St. Sebastian is a plea for its realization. Sebastian was a layman of laymen, essentially, pre-eminently, designedly a layman. Yet what a work he did for God, for God's Church, for the souls of men! His apostolate was outside the sphere of a priest, yet it was priestly work all the same. A priest could not have gone where he went, could not have done what he did, could not have reached the souls which he gave to heaven. Had he, the zealous layman, not won the souls which were his offering to the Most High, as far as human eye or human mind can see or know, those souls would have been in darkness and doom. What a layman effected in the third century, may not laymen do—ay, and more—in the nineteenth and twentieth age? If in the green wood, why not in the dry? St. Augustine's question comes home to us with singular force: "Canst not thou, what these youths, these maidens can? Or can they either in themselves, and not rather in the Lord their God? . . . Cast thyself upon him; fear not; He will not withdraw that thou should'st fall." * We want lay-apostles in our days, as in the days of Caius the Pope, and Diocletian the emperor, and Polycarp the priest, and Sebastian the Christian layman. May the Lord of the harvest find labourers for the work of His ingathering! We need them in England, in Ireland, in America, in the world. If only we had a Sebastian in every regiment of our British army, in each of the floating cities which make up our naval fleet, in each of our commercial centres, in our warehouses and workshops, in our mines and our mills, what a different England this of ours would be! If the spirit of Sebastian throbbed in the hearts of our Catholic millions in Italy, France, Germany, America, Australia, what a fair world ours might be!

We have earnest, zealous priests (though, alas! they are

* *Conf.* Bk. viii. n. 11.

but too few), we are blessed with holy and pious nuns, we have teaching brothers and teaching sisters, religious nurses, both men and women. What more do we want? The times call for a more fervent, active, energetic, and energizing laity. There is zeal in the sanctuary and the cloister, eloquence in the pulpit, prayer in the church; we need eloquence, zeal, prayer, and work in our streets, our homes, our halls, in the press, and in all the walks of our public life.

Lay zeal begets priestly zeal; lay work inspires priestly work. The home is the cradle of the sanctuary, and the nursery of the cloister. Priests and nuns have lay-blood in their veins, they are born of laymen and laywomen. "Like father, like son; like mother, like daughter." A more zealous, God-fearing, soul-loving laity will give to the Church, whether in the sanctuary or in the cloister, apostles fired with a greater love of God, and a more active zeal for the souls of men. Children with the form and features of their parents oftentimes inherit their character and dispositions, their qualities of mind and heart. St. Lewis of France was the son of the good Queen Blanche; St. Augustine was the child of the tears of St. Monica; Blessed Jane of Aza was the mother of St. Dominic and Blessed Mannes; St. Catherine of Sweden was the daughter of St. Bridget; St. Henry the Emperor was the son of St. Stephen the King. Heredity counts for as much in the Church as it does in the State. Napoleon asked, "What schools are needed for the youth of France?" Madame Campan replied, "Mothers." The shrewd emperor was accustomed to say: "Let me have the forming of the mothers, and I am sure to have good soldiers." This is true of the soldiers of Christ. The mothers are laywomen, the fathers laymen. They have the forming and early training of the future priests.

Independently of this indirect apostolate, to which all layfolk are not called, laymen and laywomen have a further and more direct work to do for God in the world. Each may be an apostle in his own sphere; each may influence for good; each may work for God. They were laymen who came to David in Hebron and "made a league with him before the Lord." The thirty thousand "chosen men of Israel" who brought the Ark of the Lord from

Cariathiarim were laymen. Abraham, Moses, Solomon, David, were laymen. St. George was a layman: St. Sebastian, a layman. They are only two out of thousands now standing before the throne of the Lamb that was slain. The calendar of saints is studded with laymen as the heavens are studded with stars. St. Fabian, whose feast is kept in union with that of St. Sebastian, was a layman, distinguished for his lay good works when he was elected to the Papacy. England has reason to be proud of her laymen in the past. Blessed Thomas More, Blessed Thomas Percy, Blessed Adrian Fortescue—but the Litany of English lay-saints is far too long to recite.

The lay element in the Church is essential to her existence in the world. Lay-work, lay-example, lay-life are the leaven cast into the meal: they may, and must, leaven the entire mass. St. Paul was not writing to bishops and priests but to laymen when he said: "We are God's co-adjutors;"* nor were they ecclesiastics to whom he sent the admonition: "Bear ye one another's burdens, for so shall you fulfil the law of Christ." † If our laity would only take these two words of apostolic warning to heart, and let them bear fruit in their lives, what a harvest of souls there might be to gather into the Church and, later, into the heavenly barns.

Lay-people, men and women alike, may help to render the lives of their fellow-men and fellow-women bright, happy, and good. There is work for all. The field is great. The needs are many and varied. Souls are only waiting to be gathered in, and those which are in the fold are waiting to be "made sublime." From the throne to the loom and the lathe the spiritual harvest is ripe, only the harvest-men and harvest-women are wanted to gather the harvest in. We want, *i.e.*, we *need*, nineteenth-century Sebastians with the spirit of the third-century Sebastian; we want, *i.e.*, we *need* them everywhere—in high places and in low, in our parliaments, our council chambers, our law-courts, our army and navy, our banks and counting-houses and legal offices, our commercial establishments, our warehouses, our mills and factories, our pits and our mines, our slums and our alleys, our prisons, hospitals, and

* 1 Cor. iii. 9. † Gal. vi. 2.

workhouses. Everywhere there is work for the lay-apostolate—an apostolate of prayer and practice, of work and example. Everywhere there is scope for lay-apostles, be they men, women, boys, girls, or even children. There is room for the combined efforts of lay clubs, lay societies, and lay social unions, instituted to ameliorate the condition of our outcast and our poor. There are opportunities, too, without number, for the individual zeal of earnest lay-apostles.

Gentle reader, whoever you are, whatever your social status may be, whatever your lot in life, you can raise yourself and you can raise your brothers and sisters—for, before God the Father, we are all brethren—to a higher level than that upon which you and they stand. You can do something more for God, something more for poor downcast, and therefore downtrodden, humanity, than you are already doing. May St. Sebastian pray for this England of ours, that through the combined and untiring efforts of zealous priests and apostolic laymen, she may be once more "an island of saints," and the home of God's love.

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THE

CATHOLIC CHURCH

IN THE SCRIPTURES

BY

THE BISHOP OF NOTTINGHAM

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

This pamphlet contains the substance of two Pastoral Letters, issued by me in Advent 1898 and Lent 1899. I thank the Catholic Truth Society for republishing them.

✠ Edward, Bishop of Nottingham.

The Cathedral, Nottingham,
May 1, 1399.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN THE SCRIPTURES.

I.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH PROPHESIED AND PREFIGURED IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

THE Holy Scriptures are not the only evidences of the Divine revelation, yet they may help to prove it. The Jews were misled by the Scriptures, and quoted them against the Christ Himself, because they shut their eyes to the other evidences of His Divine Mission—the preaching of the Baptist, the voice of His Father from Heaven, and His own innumerable and wonderful miracles. They were blind, but wilfully and culpably so. Therefore did Jesus say to them: "If you were blind, you should not have sin; but now you say, We see, your sin remaineth." Therefore did they misunderstand the Scriptures, for though, as our Saviour said, they thought in the Scriptures to have life, and though the Scriptures gave testimony of Christ, yet they would not come to Him, that they might have life. Therefore did our Lord warn them that Moses, in whom they trusted, would himself be their accuser.

Yet, though the Scriptures are not the only evidence

of the truth, and though they may be misunderstood and misquoted, as they were by the devil and by the Pharisees against the Eternal Truth Himself, they are nevertheless real witnesses to the truth, when thoroughly and properly understood. Therefore did our Divine Lord bid the Pharisees, who gloried in the Scriptures and quoted them so glibly and so foolishly, to search into them more thoroughly, telling them that the Scriptures, which they quoted against Him, in reality bore testimony to Him.

As it was with our Lord Himself, so is it now with His Holy Church, with which He has promised to be all days even to the consummation of the world. The sectaries, who think in the Scriptures to have eternal life, and are always quoting them against the Church, do not really search them ; and the same Scriptures are they that give testimony of the Church ; and they will not come to the Church that they may have life. The Scriptures, in which they trust, will be their accusers.

We appeal, then, to the Scriptures, as one—only as one—of the evidences of the Divine constitution and mission of the Church, as Catholics understand and define the Church. We define the Church to be the Society of those who, being admitted into it by baptism, profess the true faith of Christ, and are also subject to a visible head, who is the Vicar of Christ and the successor of St. Peter. This is the one, and the only one, true Kingdom of Christ upon earth. This definition is, of course, not accepted by non-Catholics. Of these some deny the necessity of baptism, regarding it as merely an unimportant ceremony. Others hold that men who profess wholly different beliefs as to what is necessary for salvation, and whose only rule of faith is their own individual interpretation of Scripture, are all equally members of the Church, unless, perhaps, they be Papists. These glory in being subject to no one upon earth in respect of their religious belief and practice. Others acknowledge, in the abstract, authoritative teaching and spiritual rule, but nevertheless hold

that the Church may be, and is, divided against itself in respect of faith, discipline, and obedience; and that they are free to disobey, criticize, and correct the very men whom they acknowledge as their spiritual rulers.

We appeal, then, to the Holy Scriptures, and first to the Books of the Old Testament. In them we shall find many wonderful prophecies, foretelling and describing God's kingdom upon earth that was to be established in after times, and also the history and laws of Israel, the chosen people of God, who were the type and forerunner of God's future kingdom. These prophecies and types find their fulfilment only in the Holy Catholic Church of Rome.

The prophet Daniel (chap. ii.) told king Nabuchodonosor that God had shewn him in his dream what was to come to pass in the latter times; and that He had revealed to the prophet himself the interpretation of the dream. The prophet told the king that he, the king himself, and his kingdom were signified by the golden head of the great statue of which he had dreamed: that after him there should rise up another kingdom, inferior to him, typified by the statue's breast and arms of silver; and a third kingdom, which should rule over the whole world, foreshadowed by the body and thighs of brass; and lastly, a fourth kingdom, which should be as iron, like the legs of the statue, and that, as iron breaketh in pieces, and subdueth all things, so should that kingdom break and destroy all the others; but that, as the toes of the feet were part of iron, and part of clay, so the kingdom should be partly strong, and partly broken. Then the prophet went on to say: "But in the days of those kingdoms the God of Heaven will set up a kingdom which shall never be destroyed; and His kingdom shall not be delivered up to another people; and it shall break in pieces, and it shall consume all these kingdoms; and itself shall stand for ever. According as thou sawest that the stone was cut from the mountain without hands, and broke in pieces the clay, and the iron, and the brass, and the silver, and the gold, the great God has shewn

the king what shall come to pass hereafter; and the dream is true, and the interpretation thereof is faithful." Of this stone the prophet had said: "Thus thou sawest till a stone was cut out of the mountain without hands; and it struck the statue upon the feet thereof, that were of iron and of clay, and broke them in pieces: . . . but the stone that struck the statue became a great mountain, and filled the whole earth."

Here is a clear prophecy that God's future kingdom 1. was to be upon this earth; 2. in the days of those kingdoms, after the four great empires of the Assyrians, the Persians, the Greeks, and the Romans, had been established; 3. that it should be founded miraculously, and without human means; 4. that it should be a kingdom upon earth, and therefore a compact visible body under one visible ruler; 5. that the great empires should disappear before it; 6. that it should be a kingdom co-extensive with the world; and 7. that it should be indefectible, and last for ever.

The mountain, or kingdom, of which Daniel prophesied, was thus described almost in identical words, by the prophets Micheas and Isaias: "And in the last days the mountain of the House of the Lord shall be prepared, on the top of mountains, and it shall be exalted above the hills; and all nations shall flow into it. And many people shall go, and say: Come and let us go up to the Mountain of the Lord, and to the House of the God of Jacob, and He will teach us His ways; and we will walk in His paths; for the law shall come forth from Sion, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem. And he shall judge the Gentiles, and rebuke many people; . . . O house of Jacob, come ye, and walk in the light of the Lord. For thou hast cast off thy people, the house of Jacob," etc.

Here the future Kingdom of God is spoken of 1. as a mountain, and therefore conspicuously visible; 2. as lifted above, and superior to, all the kingdoms of the earth; 3. as the House of the Lord, and therefore a compact unity, in which the stones are cemented

together in due order. St. Paul tells us (Tim. i. 3) that "the House of God is the Church of the Living God." 4. As being Sion and Jerusalem, not according to the flesh (for the house of Jacob was "cast off") but according to the spirit; not "that Jerusalem, which now is, which is in bondage with her children, but that Jerusalem which is above, and is free; which is our mother" (Gal. iv.). 5. As being the lawgiver of the nations, teaching the law and the word of the Lord.

To this new Jerusalem, the Church of God, St. Paul himself, in the same passage, applies the following from Isaias (chap. liv.): "Rejoice, thou barren, that bearest not; break forth and cry out, thou that travailest not, for many are the children of the desolate, more than of her that hath a husband . . . Thy seed shall inherit the Gentiles. . . . The mountains shall be moved, and the hills shall tremble; but my mercy shall not depart from thee, and the covenant of my peace shall not be moved: saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee. . . . All thy children shall be taught of the Lord, and great shall be the peace of thy children. . . . No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper, and every tongue that resisteth thee in judgment, thou shalt condemn."

Here it is seen that the Christian Church, the New Jerusalem, is 1. to be the Church of the Gentiles, or nations; 2. to be widely spread; 3. to be indefectible, and to have an everlasting covenant with God—the "second testament" of St. Paul; 4. is to be the teacher of her children, and to give them peace; 5. is to be the judge of the world, and to condemn her opponents.

The grandeur and privileges of the Church are again thus described by Isaias (chap. lix., lx.): "There shall come a redeemer to Sion, and to them that return from iniquity in Jacob, saith the Lord. This is my covenant with them, saith the Lord: My spirit that is in thee, and my words that I have put in thy mouth, shall not

depart out of thy mouth, nor out of the mouth of thy seed, nor out of the mouth of thy seed's seed, saith the Lord, from henceforth and for ever. Arise, O Jerusalem: for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee. For behold darkness shall cover the earth, and a mist the people; but the Lord shall arise upon thee, and His glory shall be seen upon thee. And the Gentiles shall walk in thy light, and kings in the brightness of thy rising. . . . The multitude of the sea shall be converted to thee, the strength of the Gentiles shall come to thee. . . . And thy gates shall be open continually; they shall not be shut day nor night, that the strength of the Gentiles may be brought to thee, and their kings may be brought. For the nation, and the kingdom that will not serve thee, shall perish; and the Gentiles shall be wasted with desolation."

In this passage it is plainly declared: 1. That the New Jerusalem, the Church of God, is the spiritual mother of many children; 2. that she has a covenant with God; 3. that the Spirit of Truth "abides with her for ever"; 4. that God's words shall never depart out of her mouth, that is, that she is indefectible, and infallible in her teaching; 5. that, in the midst of darkness around her, she is the light, and the teacher of all nations, and of their kings; 6. that God's anger and destruction shall overtake those who rebel against her.

Again Isaias says (chap. lxvi.): "They shall declare my glory to the Gentiles; and they shall bring all your brethren out of all nations as a gift to the Lord. . . . And I will take of them to be Priests and Levites, saith the Lord."

This passage clearly foretells a Gentile, that is, a Christian, priesthood, as does the following passage from Malachias (chap. i.) foretell the Christian daily sacrifice: "I have no pleasure in you, saith the Lord of hosts; and I will not receive a gift of your hand. For from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same, my name is great among the Gentiles; and in every place there is sacrifice, and there is offered to my name

a clean oblation: for my name is great among the Gentiles, saith the Lord of hosts."

And that there are in the spiritual Jerusalem guides and teachers appointed by God appears from that of Isaias (chap. lxii.): "Upon thy walls, O Jerusalem, I have appointed watchmen all the day, and all the night; they shall never hold their peace."

In these prophecies, and in many others which very clearly are intended to express the same meaning, we see an unmistakable description of the future Catholic Church as the one Kingdom of God upon earth, universal, everlasting, and indefectible, as the one house of the living God, as the light and teacher of the nations, taught by God's Spirit, and therefore infallible in her teaching, offering everywhere sacrifice to God by her Priests, assisted by her Levites, the mother of the Saints, even of the Apostles themselves, the Jerusalem which is above, the New Testament, which is, says St. Paul, "our mother." O glorious Mother, may God make us worthy to be thy children!

But it is not only in the prophecies of the Old Testament that we find written the characteristics of the Church of Christ which was to come. We find them also foreshadowed in the law and spiritual polity which God Himself gave to His chosen people, who were the type of the future Kingdom of God. The Jews had been the kingdom of God, but our Lord said to them (St. Matt. chap. xxi.): "Therefore I say to you, that the kingdom of God shall be taken from you, and shall be given to a nation bringing forth the fruits thereof." As He had said in the parable: "The Lord of the vineyard shall let out His vineyard to other husbandmen, that shall render Him the fruit in due season." It was the same kingdom, the same vineyard, only made perfect, and transferred to other hands. As He said to the Pharisees (St. Luke chap. xvi.): "The law and the prophets until John; from that time the Kingdom of God is preached." This was not for the destruction, but for the fulfilment of the law. Jesus said to the multitudes (St. Matt. chap. v.): "Think not that I am come to

destroy the law, or the prophets; I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil. For amen I say to you, till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall not pass of the law, till all be fulfilled." Thus St. Paul also said (Heb. chap. iii.), "Do we then destroy the law through faith? God forbid: but we establish the law." "The law," he said (Rom. chap. vii.), "is holy, and the commandment holy, and just, and good." "Before the faith of Jesus Christ came," he says (Gal. chap. iii.), "we were kept under the law, shut up unto that faith, which was to be revealed. Wherefore the law was our pedagogue in Christ, that we might be justified by faith." Nevertheless he tells us (Heb. chap. viii.) that "the law brought nothing to perfection, but an introduction to a better hope, by which we approach to God." He tells us (*ibid.*) "that perfection was not by the Levitical priesthood," and that "the priesthood being translated, it is necessary that a translation also be made of the law."

From these passages, and many others, we see clearly that the Old Law was the holy, just, and good law of God, an introduction to a better hope, and a pedagogue in Christ, leading towards justification, and that the Jews until the preaching of Christ had been the true vineyard of the Lord, the true kingdom of God upon earth: and that therefore it was not God's intention to destroy it, but to establish and fulfil it, while Heaven and earth should last. Nevertheless because the law brought nothing to perfection, either by itself or by its Levitical priesthood, and because the Jews were rebellious and wicked, it was necessary that both the law and the priesthood should be translated, and that the kingdom of God should be taken from the Jews, and should be given to the Gentiles.

The Jewish kingdom, priesthood, and law were then the good and holy work of the same Lord who founded the Christian Church, and the Christian Church is the perfection, fulfilment, and establishment of the Jewish kingdom and law. "The law," St. Paul tells us (Heb. chap. x.), "had a shadow of the good things to come, not the very image of the things." The Old Testament was

the figure and type of the New, the Jewish Synagogue was the type and forerunner of the Christian Church; the Kingdom of God was not destroyed and cast out, but was perfected, and translated into other hands. In the divinely-appointed ordinances of the Synagogue we must look for the characteristics of the future Church of Christ no less than in the predictions of the prophets. We shall expect to find, and we shall find, the institutions and methods of God in the one Testament not destroyed, but perfected and fulfilled, in the other, as He is equally the Author of both.

In the first place, then, the Jewish people were governed by God as a spiritual kingdom, through a High Priest, who was assisted by local councils in every city, and by the great Council of the Sanhedrim at Jerusalem. We are told in Exodus (chap. xviii.) how Moses appointed the former, by the advice of Jethro, his father-in-law. It is said: "And when Moses heard this, he did all things which he had suggested unto him. And choosing able men out of all Israel, he appointed them rulers of the people, rulers over thousands, and over hundreds, and over fifties, and over tens. And they judged the people at all times, and whatever was of greater difficulty they referred to him, and they judged the easier cases only." The latter, or the Great Council, was also appointed by Moses by God's command, as related in Exodus (chap. xi.). "And the Lord said to Moses; Gather unto Me seventy men of the ancients of Israel, whom thou knowest to be ancients and masters of the people; and thou shalt bring them to the door of the tabernacle of the covenant, and shalt make them stand there with thee, that I may come down and speak with thee; and I will take of thy spirit, and will give to them, that they may bear with thee the burden of the people, and thou mayest not be burdened alone."

The powers of this Council, and those of the High Priest in particular, were supreme, and are thus described in Deuteronomy (chap. xvii.): "Thou shalt come to the priests of the Levitical race, and to the judge, that shall be at that time; and thou shalt ask of them, and they

shall shew thee the truth of the judgment. And thou shalt do whatsoever they shall say that preside in the place that the Lord shall choose, and what they shall teach thee, according to His law; and thou shalt follow their sentence; neither shalt thou decline to the right hand nor to the left hand; But he that will be proud, and refuse to obey the commandment of the priest who ministereth at that time to the Lord thy God, and the decree of the judge; that man shall die, and thou shalt take away the evil from Israel." Here the priests are directed to judge between blood and blood, cause and cause, leprosy and leprosy. In the second book of Paralipomenon it appears that they had power to judge, "wheresoever there was question concerning the law, the commandment, ceremonies, or justifications"; and it is added (chap. xix.), "Ananias the priest, and your High Priest, shall preside in the things which relate to God."

Thus in the Old Law the people of God were governed in all spiritual matters by a High Priest appointed by God, presiding over a Council guided by God's Spirit; and disobedience to his decree was punishable by death. If the Synagogue had need of a supreme Ruler and his hierarchy of judges, much more does the Universal Church or Kingdom of God need the supreme rule of the Pope, aided by the Sacred Congregations of Cardinals, or by a General Council, and the local rule of the Bishops throughout the world.

Secondly, we find that among the people of God, specially chosen to keep up the revealed truth of God in the world, traditional teaching was the chief means used for this purpose, and this by God's command. Thus it is said in the 77th Psalm: "And He set up a testimony in Jacob; and made a law in Israel. How great things He commanded our fathers, that they should make the same known to their children, that another generation might know them: the children that should be born, and should rise up, and declare them to their children. That they may put their hope in God, and may not forget the works of God; and may seek His commandments." And in Deuteronomy (chap.

xxxii.), "Ask thy father, and he will declare to thee; thy elders, and they will tell thee." Some truths were certainly believed by the Jews on the strength of tradition only, being nowhere written in any part of the Bible. Among these was the truth that all the books of the Jewish Canon of Scripture were from God, and divinely inspired; also the remedy for original sin, for girls as well as boys; and again, the truth that the sacrifices of blood-shedding foreshadowed the death of Christ. But other articles of the faith too, though written in Scripture, were principally handed down by tradition. The reasons are obvious. The books of the Jewish Canon were written successively at various dates, and were not collected in one volume till the time of Esdras. The copies of them were few: of the book of Deuteronomy there were only two copies, and these were lost for a long time, until found in the days of King Josias. The knowledge of the law could not practically be maintained except by traditional teaching.

Here again we see the parity between the Jewish synagogue and the Catholic Church. Many truths are believed by the faithful on tradition alone, such as that the books of the New Testament are authentic and inspired, that infant baptism is valid and lawful, that the Sunday is to be kept holy instead of the Sabbath, and others. Tradition also was necessary in other matters, because the books of Scripture were not all written till the end of the first century, were not collected, and authenticated till the fourth, and could not possibly be widely circulated until the fifteenth century brought the art of printing and the consequent diffusion of letters, as the indispensable means of doing so. Hence St. Paul said to the Thessalonians (2. chap. ii.), "Therefore, brethren, stand firm, and hold the traditions which you have learned, whether by word or by our epistle." And again to St. Timothy: "The things which thou hast heard from me, before many witnesses, the same commend to faithful men, who shall be fit to teach others also." And again, "Hold the form of sound words, which thou hast heard from me in faith. . . . Keep the good deposited

in trust to thee, by the Holy Ghost, who dwelleth in us."

Thirdly, God kept alive and continually expanded His divine revelation to men, by sending a series of Prophets, who by their holy lives and wonderful miracles proved their Divine Mission, and then delivered to the Jews the exhortations, warnings, revelations, and prophecies of God who sent them. Their place in the New Covenant is partly taken by the Catholic Saints, who renew our fervour by their words and example, but their principal work is more than fulfilled by the promise that the Holy Ghost, the inspirer of the prophets, should abide with the Church for ever, and should teach her all truth, and that Jesus Himself would be with her all days, even to the consummation of the world. Thus St. Paul says (Heb. chap. i.), "God having spoken on divers occasions, and many ways, in times past to the fathers, by the prophets; last of all, in these days has spoken to us by His Son."

A fourth point in which the law of Moses prefigured the Church of Christ was the offering of daily Sacrifices, by which the priests and assistants testified their faith in the Sacrifice of the Cross, and applied its benefits for their own special uses; and in the offering of which they united in adoring Almighty God. There were the holocausts, and especially the morning and evening lamb burned whole upon the altar, for the supreme worship of God. There were the sin offerings sacrificed in propitiation for sins, of which a part might be eaten, but only by the priests, and in the temple, and on the same day. There were the peace-offerings; some in thanksgiving, nearly all of which could be consumed by the offerers, as well as by the priests, and in their own homes, but on the same day; and others to obtain blessings, which might be similarly consumed on other days also. Upon the victims pure wheaten flour was always placed, and wine was always poured.

These sacrifices, with their accompanying wheaten flour and wine, were strictly commanded by God, as was also the yearly Paschal Lamb. They prefigured the far

more excellent Christian daily Sacrifice, in which, under the forms of wheaten bread and of wine, the true Lamb of God is daily and everywhere sacrificed aud offered to God, in adoration, in propitiation, in thanksgiving, and for the obtaining of blessings, and "to show forth the death of the Lord until He comes."

Fifthly, the priests of the Old Law were by God's command richly endowed with tithes, first fruits of grain, loaves and produce, and the flesh of the victims which fell to their share. They were solemnly consecrated and richly vested, and they fulfilled their offices in a magnificent temple, with a ritual of gorgeous splendour. We may therefore expect to see, in the Christian Church, now that from a grain of mustard seed it has grown into a tree, its Sovereign Pontiff, and its Bishops and priests, well provided for by the faithful, and ministering to God in rich vestments, with a solemn and magnificent liturgy, and in churches richly adorned and furnished.

Lastly, the Synagogue had its Sacraments, which resembled the Christian Sacraments, inasmuch as they admitted to the Jewish assemblies, and were symbols of God's grace, which nevertheless they did not confer. The Sacraments of the New Law are far more excellent, because they not only signify, but also convey, grace to the soul, and admit to a membership of the mystical Body of Christ, which is far nobler than membership of the Synagogue. Circumcision was the type of Christian Baptism, without which no one can enter the Kingdom of Heaven. The numerous purifications after leprosy or other defilements were the type of the cleansing and revivifying Sacrament of Penance. The eating of the Paschal Lamb and of the flesh, bread, and wine of the Sacrifices typified the Holy Eucharist, in which the Flesh and Blood of Christ are received under the appearances of bread and wine. Lastly, the Jewish consecrations of priests foretold the Sacrament of Holy Orders. Confirmation had no type, because the Holy Ghost was not yet "poured out upon all flesh." Extreme Unction, the immediate preparation for Heaven, had no type, since Heaven was not yet opened. Matrimony

had no type, since the union between Christ and His Church had not yet come to pass.

The parallel between the law of the chosen people of God, and the Christian Church, which fulfils and perfects it, might be indefinitely extended, but what has been said suffices to show that the types of the Old Testament, as well as its prophecies, bear ample testimony to the Divine institution of the Holy Catholic Church in communion with Rome.

II.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH DESCRIBED IN THE NEW TESTAMENT.

We have now to consider what was the teaching of Christ and His inspired Apostles respecting the Church. Does that teaching correspond to the idea of the Church which appears to prevail among the various Dissenting bodies, or to the ideas of the Evangelical party in the Church of England, or to those of the Ritualists, or finally, does it warrant the definition of the Church given by Catholics?

The National Council of the Free Churches, or Nonconformists, in its recently published Catechism, declares that "the Holy Catholic Church is that Holy Society of believers in Christ Jesus, which He founded, of which He is the only Head, and in which He dwells by His Spirit; so that, though made up of many communions, organized in various modes, and scattered throughout the world, it is yet One in Him." "He united His people" it says, "in a visible brotherhood," and it continues: "The essential mark of a true branch of the Church is the presence of Christ, through His indwelling Spirit, manifested in holy life and fellowship." It does not appear whether the Roman Catholic Church, and the Greek, Russian, and Anglican establishments

are among the "many Communions" spoken of. If they are, there is not much "visible brotherhood" among them; and it is difficult to understand how it is possible that many different communions, differently organized, and it may be added, with contradictory beliefs, can be united in a holy society, and be one and divided at the same time. Nor is it easy to find fellowship enough among the many dozens of Free Churches, or holiness enough in any one of them, to assure men that they are true "branches" of the Church.

The Low Church, or Evangelical section, of the Church of England, does not appear to differ very materially from the Free Churches, or Nonconformist sects. They are distinguished from them by calling some of their ministers Bishops, but to these they do not ascribe any divinely-given power or real spiritual authority more than to other men. They also appeal to the British Parliament, or the Judges it appoints, to give them a Rule of religious belief, and practice. Thus they only differ from the Nonconformists by being enslaved to the State in spiritual things, while the Nonconformists settle matters for themselves, each sect in its own way.

The Ritualists appear to believe that there are at least three divisions of the Church, which constitute one Church, although these are not, either directly or indirectly, in communion with one another; although they contradict one another's beliefs in matters the most vital and fundamental; and although they submit to different authorities, all condemning the others as usurpers. They love to call these divisions branches of the Church, but they do not attempt to show either the tree in which they unite, or any visible bond of union whatsoever. They appear to think that the Church is sufficiently one in faith, by having within her pale, and holding communion with, professors of every heresy. They faithfully imitate their Church by recognizing, and holding communion with, Bishops and clergymen whose teaching they denounce as heretical. They think the Church is sufficiently one in government,

by having three supreme governments, which mutually anathematize one another, and which, they say, have all of them now lost all right to control or rule the faith of Christians. The Church of the twelfth century indeed, according to their view, could make decrees and canons, to which it was a duty to submit; but for the last six hundred years any clergymen, or society of clergymen, may lawfully bid defiance to any, or all, of these authorities, and quote the decrees and canons of the early Church to overrule them. They thus give the present Church no government at all; they make an anarchy and call it unity. They are less well off in respect of unity than even the Dissenting sects. These at least have governments (though they are many and dissentient), to which the different sects respectively submit. The Ritualists have no government, and no principle of unity whatsoever. Each man is his own prophet and his own Pope.

The Catholic Church is that one Holy Kingdom, founded by our Blessed Lord, for all nations, to which belong those, and those only, who, being baptized, believe and profess the whole faith of Christ, and who are subject to the Roman Pontiff, as the Vicar of Christ upon earth, and as their infallible Teacher, and supreme Ruler. Such a Kingdom exists upon earth, for the Roman Catholic Church numbers among her children, according to what we believe to be the best reckoning, about two hundred and fifty millions of the human race, found in every nation under Heaven, who all unanimously hold and profess all the creeds and definitions of faith and morals, sanctioned or to be sanctioned by the Holy See, and who loyally accept the Roman Pontiff as their Spiritual King, as Vicegerent of the Son of God, and as the Teacher whom they are bound to follow, and whose rule in spiritual things they are bound in conscience to obey.

It is this Church, Catholic and Roman, which, alone and exclusively, fulfils, and is warranted by, the teaching of Jesus Christ Himself, and of His Holy Apostles, as given us in the New Testament.

I. First, then, we will endeavour to show that the Church was established as One Society for the whole world, not "in many communions" with different beliefs, but in one Communion, with one faith; not "organized in various modes," but as one Kingdom, with one organization; and that this Unity was to be its distinguishing characteristic mark.

Jesus began His ministry by announcing this Kingdom. St. Mark tells us (chap. i.) that "Jesus came into Galilee, preaching the Gospel of the Kingdom of God, and saying; The time is accomplished, and the Kingdom of God is at hand." Before His Passion He declared to His disciples: "This Gospel of the Kingdom shall be preached in the whole world, for a testimony to all nations: and then shall the consummation come." After He had risen again, He said to His Apostles, "Go ye into the whole world, and preach the Gospel to every creature. He that believeth, and is baptized, shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be condemned." He also said, "Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations; baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." And just before His Ascension into Heaven, He told them: "You shall be witnesses unto me in Jerusalem, and in all Judæa, and Samaria, and even to the uttermost part of the earth." After His Ascension the same was announced by St. Peter to the Jews: "Do penance," he said, "and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ, for the remission of your sins: and you shall receive the gifts of the Holy Ghost; for the promise is to you, and to your children, and to all who are afar off, whomsoever the Lord our God shall call" (Acts chap. i.). And again afterwards to the Romans by St. Paul (Rom. chap. i.). "By whom we have received grace, and apostleship, for obedience to the faith in all nations, for His name."

In these passages it clearly appears, that the Gospel of Christ was the Gospel of His Kingdom, the Church, into which all nations were to enter by baptism, and in which they should obey the faith, and receive the Holy Ghost. They were to be born again of water and

the Holy Ghost, otherwise they could not enter the Kingdom of God (1 John chap. iii.).

From these ideas of one Kingdom, one Holy Ghost, one baptism, one obedience, and one faith, it follows necessarily that the Kingdom of God, so spoken of, was not to be divided against itself into many communions with different beliefs, and many organizations with different rulers. But we have our Lord's words that it could not be so; for He said (St. Mark chap. viii.): "Every kingdom divided against itself shall be made desolate, and every city or house divided against itself shall not stand." This then could not be the fate of the Kingdom which He founded, of the Church which He himself built upon a rock. And He promised that it should not be, saying that the gates of hell should not prevail against His Church, and that He Himself would be with those who preached His Kingdom even to the consummation of the world (St. Matt. chap. xxviii.).

But we have many express testimonies that the Church of Christ was to be one Kingdom, one organized whole, in one communion, and with one faith. This is shown clearly by the nature of the objects to which Jesus likened His Church. It is a visible Kingdom on earth, and therefore must be visible and have one visible Ruler. It is a Church, or Society, therefore must be one whole. It is a building, founded on one rock, therefore an organized structure. It is a tree, which implies organic unity. It is a net, which must be an unbroken whole. It is a fold, which implies both one flock and one Shepherd. All these comparisons show plainly that the Church is to have an outward and visible organization and unity. Our Lord says so; "You are the light of the world. A city that is set on a mountain cannot be hid." (St. Matt. chap. v.) Moreover St. John tells us (chap. xi.) that He came "to gather together into one the children of God that were dispersed." And Jesus said the same (St. John chap. x.) 'And other sheep I have, that are not of this fold: them also I must bring: and they shall hear My voice, and there shall be made one fold, and one Shepherd."

St. Paul also gives us the clearest evidence that the Christian Church was one visible organized Body, with one faith, and in one communion, although in his day it consisted of a multitude of small Christian communities, scattered here and there among the nations. In his first Epistle to the Corinthians (chap. xii.) he describes this so plainly, that it is indeed hard to see how this passage can be overlooked or misunderstood. He says "As the body is one, and hath many members; and all the members of the body, whereas they are many, yet are one body; so also is Christ. For in one Spirit were we all baptized into one body, whether Jews or Gentiles, whether bond or free; and in one Spirit we have all been made to drink. For the body also is not one member but many. . . . But now God hath set the members, every one of them, in the body, as it hath pleased Him. And if they were all one member, where would be the body? . . . . God hath tempered the body together giving the more abundant honour, to that which wanted it, That there might be no schism in the body, but the members might be mutually careful one for another. . . . And God indeed hath set some in the Church, first, apostles; secondly, prophets; thirdly, teachers; after that miracles, &c. . . . . Are all apostles? are all prophets? are all teachers?"

He says the same in the Epistle to the Romans (chap. xii.): "For as in one body we have many members, but all the members have not the same office, so we being many, are one body in Christ, and each one, members one of another." And again to the Ephesians (chap. iv.): "One body, and one spirit; as you are called in one hope of your vocation. One Lord, one faith, one baptism. . . . And some, indeed, He gave to be apostles, and some prophets, and others evangelists and other pastors and teachers, for the perfection of the Saints, for the work of the ministry, unto the edification of the body of Christ: till we all meet in the unity of faith . . . . that we may not now be children, tossed to and fro, and carried about with

every wind of doctrine, ... but performing the truth in charity, we may in all things grow up in Him, who is the head, Christ, from whom the whole body, compacted and fitly joined together, by what every joint supplieth according to the operation in the measure of every part, maketh increase of the body, unto the edifying of itself in charity.

He speaks of the Church, as being both the Bride and the Body of Christ (Eph. chap. v.): "For the husband is the head of the wife, as Christ is the head of the Church. He is the Saviour of His body. Therefore, as the Church is subject to Christ, so also let the wives be to their husbands in all things." "For no man ever hated his own flesh, but nourisheth it and cherisheth it, as also Christ doth the Church: For we are members of His body, of His flesh, and of His bones."

In all these passages the Holy Scripture tells us that the members of the Church are not only members of Christ, but also members one of another, each one part of an organized whole, set each in his own place by God, and compacted and fitly joined with his fellow-members. They are not "made up of many communions, organized in various modes" as the Dissenting sects pretend, but are all in One Communion, which has one organization, created not by men, but by God, who hath set every member in the Body, as it pleased Him, and hath tempered the body together, that there might be no schism in the body, but that the members might be mutually careful one of another. The members of the Church are not "One in Christ" only, but also One in His mystical Body, all united, every one with the others.

II. We come next to consider, how in the one Body, the "One Spirit," and "One Faith" of which St. Paul speaks, are maintained, according to the teaching of the New Testament.

The Nonconformist Catechism tells us that a Free Church has "a right to interpret and administer His laws, without restraint or control by the State," that it has "to teach both rulers and subjects the eternal principles of righteousness," that its ministers are called

of God and the Church to be teachers of the Word and pastors of the Flock of Christ.

Here it is said that God has given a right to each Free Church, or Nonconformist sect, to interpret and administer His laws and the rules of morality, and to teach them both to rulers and subjects. Whether such right of interpreting, administering, and teaching is possessed by all the members of each sect, and exercised by the vote of the majority, or whether it resides in, and is exercised by, their ministers, does not clearly appear. That this important right belongs to the body of members seems to be most in accordance with the much vaunted principle, that every individual has a right to interpret the Scriptures for himself, and with the largely prevailing practice of choosing ministers by votes. On the other hand, the ministers, we are told, are called by God to be teachers, and pastors of flocks: so that they appear to be supposed to have some special Divine authority to teach and guide the lay members of their sect.

Whether, however, we attribute this alleged right of interpreting, teaching, and administering God's laws to the sect in general, or to its ministers in particular, the same difficulties arise. We may ask, first, where, how, and when has God given to each sect, or to its ministers, the tremendous rights thus claimed? What evidence do the ministers give that God has called them? The answer is that "the conversion of sinners and the edification of the Body of Christ, is a decisive proof of the validity of God's sanction of their ministry." This answer, however, appears to be both insufficient and self-contradicting. There is no false form of Christianity under the sun, if this answer be true, for there is none which does not gain followers, and so build up its own body, which it calls the body of Christ; and there is none which does not convert some to its own views and standard of morality. How then does this test distinguish the true from the false? Again, if the decisive proof of a valid ministry is thus found in every religious denomination, it follows that Christ, by giving His

sanction to every ministry, sanctions both the Catholic Church and the sects that blaspheme it, sanctions the Church of England, and the Nonconformists who have renounced it, and sanctions the Nonconformist sects in teaching doctrines opposed to each other in points of no small importance. Christ, therefore, and His Holy Spirit give their sanction to innumerable contradictions and errors of the gravest kind. We must conclude then that the Nonconformists have not the right they claim of interpreting, administering, and teaching the laws of God, and that they have no Divine sanction for their ministry.

The Low Church party in the Church of England look to the British Parliament as their Teacher and Legislator in religious matters. We do not know that they claim for the British Parliament the right to interpret, administer, and teach the laws of God, nor that the British Parliament claims the right for itself. Certainly there is no reason for supposing that it possesses it.

Even the Nonconformists, as we have seen, are obliged to assert, that there must be among Christians Pastors and Teachers; but they fail to show that their teachers are sent by God, or that they have any Divine sanction, or that their teaching leads to unity in faith. The Catholic Church, on the other hand, not only claims for her Pastors and Teachers a Divine Commission, and a Divine guarantee of the truth of their teaching, but she shows that they really receive that Commission and guarantee in the same way as did the Apostles, Pastors and Teachers of the New Testament, and consequently that they produce the same fruit of unity, that marvellous unity of faith and obedience which is the distinguishing note of the vast Catholic Church throughout the world, which is in Communion with Rome. Let us try to gather from the New Testament the kind of commission and guarantee which Christ gave to His Apostles and Disciples, and which was continued in the Teachers and Pastors of the Catholic Church.

When Jesus had called His twelve Apostles, He sent them out on their first trial Mission, saying: "Go to the lost sheep of the tribe of Israel. And going preach,

saying: The Kingdom of Heaven is at hand . . . And whosoever shall not receive you, nor hear your words, going forth from that house, or city, shake off the dust from your feet. Amen I say to you, it shall be more tolerable for the land of Sodom and Gomorrha in the day of judgment, than for that city." (St. Matt. chap. x.) So also, when He sent forth the seventy-two disciples, types of the priests, as the Apostles were of the Bishops, of the Church, He said: "Pray ye the Lord of the harvest, that He send labourers into His harvest. Go, behold I send you. . . . Say to them: The Kingdom of God is come nigh to you. But into whatever city you enter, and they receive you not, going forth into the streets thereof, say: Even the very dust of your city, that cleaveth to us, we wipe off against you; yet know this, that the Kingdom of God is at hand. I say to you, it shall be more tolerable at that day for Sodom than for that city. . . . . He that heareth you, heareth Me. And he that despiseth you, despiseth Me. And he that despiseth Me, despiseth Him that sent Me." (St. Luke chap. x.)

Here indeed is an external spoken commission, with Divine authority given by Christ, and denunciation against all who should disobey it. And as He had given this express Divine Commission to His Apostles and to the seventy-two Disciples to preach the Gospel to the Jewish nation, during His own Ministry, so also after His Resurrection, He gave a similar express Divine Commission to His Apostles for the whole world, for all nations, for all time, to the consummation of the world. St. Matthew thus speaks of it (chap. xxviii.): "And the eleven disciples went into Galilee, into the mountain where Jesus had appointed them. . . . And Jesus coming spoke to them, saying: All power is given to Me in heaven and on earth. Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and behold, I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world." St. Mark (chap. xvi.) thus expresses it: "At length he appeared to

the eleven as they were at table. . . . And He said to them: Go ye into the whole world, and preach the Gospel to every creature. He that believeth, and is baptized, shall be saved; but he that believeth not, shall be condemned." St. Luke also tells us (Acts chap. i.), "Jesus . . . giving commands to the Apostles, whom He had chosen . . . for forty days appearing to them, and speaking of the Kingdom of God . . . said to them; . . . You shall receive the power of the Holy Ghost coming upon you, and you shall be witnesses unto Me in Jerusalem, and in all Judæa, and Samaria, and even to the uttermost part of the earth." In giving this tremendous charge, Jesus was pleased to appeal to the supreme power given to Him as man by His Eternal Father, and which He had also in His own right, and in which He had the co-operation also of the Holy Ghost. He gave it to the eleven Apostles, after having Himself diligently instructed them. He gave it to them to preach the Gospel, that Gospel which He had said was to be preached in all nations, "the Gospel of the Kingdom," or Church. He gave it for the whole world, and for all nations. He gave it for all time, "for all days even to the consummation of the world." He gave it for all his commands whatsoever, of which they alone knew, and could tell, the extent. They alone were His divinely-appointed ministers, who had a right to interpret, and teach, those commands. He Himself said in His prayer to His Father (St. John chap. xvii.), "I have manifested Thy name to the men whom Thou hast given me out of the world . . . The words which Thou hast given Me, I have given to them . . . As Thou hast sent Me into the world, I also have sent them into the world."

This truly Divine Ministry of the Apostles was not limited to interpreting, and teaching, our Lord's commands. They had also the other Divine powers of the priesthood, of that Christian priesthood "according to the order of Melchisedech," which the whole Christian world revered from the beginning until the Satanic revolt of the sixteenth century, and which nine-tenths of

the Christian world still reveres, but which modern sectaries, "who recede, and continue not in the doctrine of Christ" (2 John chap. i.), who "despise dominion" and "blaspheme whatsoever things they know not" (St. Jude chap. i.), delight to revile as "the blight of sacerdotalism," "fiendish priestism," etc.

We have not space in which to dwell upon these, but will only enumerate them, as our Divine Master conferred them.

1. The Apostles had the power, not only of teaching, but of administering, His laws, "And if he will not hear the Church, let him be to thee as the heathen and the publican (St. Matt. chap. xviii.). Amen, I say to you, whatsoever you shall bind upon earth, shall be bound also in Heaven; and whatsoever you shall loose upon earth, shall it be loosed also in Heaven." And again; "He that heareth you, heareth Me; and he that despiseth you, despiseth Me; and he that despiseth Me, despiseth Him that sent Me" (St. Luke chap. x.).

2. They had the power of forgiving sins: "He said to them again: Peace be to you; as My Father hath sent Me, I also send you. When he had said this, He breathed on them, and He said to them: Receive ye the Holy Ghost; whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them; and whose you shall retain, they are retained." (St. John chap. xx.)

3. They had the power of celebrating the Holy Eucharist: "And, when the hour was come, He sat down, and the twelve Apostles with Him. . . . And taking bread, He gave thanks and brake, and gave to them, saying: This is My Body, which is given for you. Do this for a commemoration of Me." (St. Luke chap. xvii.)

It remained to be shewn that these Divinely-given Apostolic powers of teaching, ruling, forgiving sins, and offering sacrifice were handed on to others, specially chosen, who in their turn handed them on to other generations; so that the Apostolic Mission, Power, and Priesthood remain ever in God's Church.

St. Paul in his own person bears witness to this, for

though he was publicly and miraculously called to the Apostolate by Jesus from Heaven, and instructed by Him personally in the mysteries of the Faith, he was nevertheless directed by God to receive baptism from Ananias; he remained in retirement at Tarsus till he was brought to Antioch by St. Barnabas; he did not go forth on his apostolate till, by order of the Holy Ghost, those who were "ministering to the Lord," fasting and praying, and imposing hands upon him and St. Barnabas, sent them away;" and again, after fourteen years, he went up to Jerusalem "according to revelation," and communicated to them the Gospel, which he preached among the Gentiles, but apart to them, who seemed to be something, "lest," as he says, "I should run, or had run, in vain." (Gal. chap. ii.)

He gave command to St. Timothy "to charge some not to teach otherwise" (1 Tim. chap. i.). He says that the office of a Bishop is to take care of the Church of God (chap. iii.). He speaks of "priests who rule" (chap. v.). He tells him "not to impose hands lightly" (chap. v.). He says to him, "The things which thou hast heard from me before many witnesses, the same commend to faithful men, who shall be fit to teach others also" (2 Tim. chap. ii.). He charges him to "preach the Word, reprove, entreat, rebuke with all patience and doctrine; for there shall be a time, when they will not bear sound doctrine" (chap. iv.). He says to St. Titus, "For this cause I left thee in Crete, that thou shouldst set in order the things that are wanting, and shouldst ordain priests in every city, as I also appointed thee. . . . For a bishop should be able to exhort in sound doctrine, and to convince the gainsayers. For there are also many who are disobedient, vain talkers, and seducers" (Tit. chap. i.). He tells him: "These things speak and exhort: let no man despise thee" (chap. ii.). Lastly, he says: "A man that is a heretic, after the first and second admonition, avoid: knowing that he that is such a one, is subverted and sinneth, being condemned by his own judgment" (chap. iii.).

St. John also bears witness to the Divine authority

of the teachers of the Church. He says: "We are of God. He that knoweth God, heareth us: He that is not of God, heareth us not; by this we know the Spirit of truth, and the spirit of error" (1 John chap. v.). Thus we see that the first successors of the Apostles taught with authority, because they had received, not only the imposition of hands of the Apostles by which grace was given (2 Tim. chap. i.), but also a charge or commission from those, who had themselves received it from Christ. "How shall they preach, unless they be sent?" the Apostle asks. We also see from the New Testament, that no "prophecy (or teaching) of Scripture is made by private interpretation" (St. Pet. chap. i.), but that the rule of faith was obedience to the Church's teaching. The Acts tell us (chap. vi.) "that a great multitude of the priests obeyed the faith." And St. Paul says (Rom. chap. i.) that he had received grace and Apostleship, "for obedience to the faith in all nations." And he says to the Corinthians (2 Cor. chap. x.) that "the weapons of his warfare were powerful . . . . bringing into captivity every understanding to the obedience of Christ, And having in a readiness to revenge all disobedience."

Thus the whole tenor of the New Testament, as well as the undoubted and unbroken tradition of all Christendom before the Reformation, shows that the teachers and rulers of the Church, by whomsoever they may at various times be chosen and nominated, must necessarily receive both their spiritual powers, and their own authority and commission to use these, and to teach and rule in the Church, from Christ and His Apostles, through those who had before received them. Ministers, not only chosen, but also empowered and commissioned only by their own people, and having no evidence of any Divine Mission but the fact that they have "converted sinners, and edified the body of Christ," or in other words, made some proselytes to their own sect, are unknown either to Scripture or to the Church in any age before the 16th century.

III. We have to shew, and we must do so very briefly, that this body of Teachers and Rulers com-

missioned by Christ, was kept in unity of faith and obedience by the supreme authority, both in teaching and ruling, which Christ our Lord gave to one man, St. Peter, and which has been continued in S. Peter's successors, the Roman Pontiffs.

The Ritualists, who call themselves priests, and who exact obedience from their followers, profess in theory, and are supposed in practice, to obey their Bishops and follow their teaching. They do not obey them, nor is it possible that they should do so. The Anglican Bishops differ among themselves on doctrines the most fundamental and vital, such as the appointed mode of obtaining forgiveness of sin, the Eucharist, which is the centre of Christian worship, and the indissolubility of the marriage tie; so that, when they meet in Lambeth in conference, it is on the understanding that no question of doctrine is to be even discussed among them. The whole body of them differ fundamentally in doctrine from the vastly more numerous Bishops of the Catholic Church, and of all the Eastern heretical and schismatical sects. On the Ritualist theory that Bishops have power to teach and rule the Church independently of one another, or of any central living authority, teaching and ruling alike become impossible. The present condition of the Anglican Establishment is a "reductio ad absurdum" of such a theory.

Catholics say that it was not for nothing that Our Lord said to St. Peter, "Thou art Peter (a rock), and on this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give to thee the Keys of the Kingdom of Heaven: And whatsoever thou shalt bind upon earth, it shall be bound also in Heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt loose upon earth, it shall be loosed also in Heaven" (St Matt. chap. xvi.). He gave the power of binding and loosing to all, but He promised it to Peter specially and before the others. He did not give to the others the Keys of His Kingdom, that is, its sovereignty. He did not so build His Church on the others, as to secure its stability and its victory over the powers of evil, but on Peter only.

It was not for nothing that Christ said to St. Peter (St. Luke chap. xxii.) "Simon, Simon, Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat: but I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not; and thou, being once converted, confirm thy brethren." All were threatened with destruction by the same enemy: the Divine remedy which Jesus prayed for, was the unfailingness, or infallibility, of Peter's faith, that so his brethren in the Apostolate might be strengthened by him against their enemy. Alas! outside the Fold, they are being sifted as wheat, and they will not turn to Peter to be strengthened.

Lastly, it was not for nothing that after His resurrection, in presence of the great Apostles John and James, and Thomas, and Bartholomew, and two others, the Lord preferred Peter to the rest, and bade him be the Shepherd of His flock. "Lovest thou me more than these?" "Feed my lambs." "Be the shepherd of my sheep." (St. John chap. xvii.) There was to be One Fold under one Shepherd.

We must pass over quickly all the other evidence of St. Peter's Primacy and authority. He was "The first, Simon." He alone paid tribute with Jesus. He spoke for the rest, acknowledging the Divinity of Christ. Christ, after His resurrection, sent to him a special message, and caused the Apostles to believe by a special appearance to him. He presided over the election of St. Matthias. He first entered the houses of the Gentiles, and ate with them, and baptized them. When he had spoken, the whole multitude, who had been disputing, held their peace, and submitted to his ruling. For him the whole Church prayed without ceasing (as they had not done for St. James), till God miraculously delivered him from prison. He went through confirming all. It was the boast of St. Paul, that he had ventured to withstand even St. Peter; when, out of charity to the Jewish converts, St. Peter and St. Barnabas had acted unwisely. It was St. Peter whom St. Paul went to Jerusalem specially to visit, staying with him fourteen days.

That St. Peter lives and reigns in his successors is the verdict of all antiquity, as it was of the Council of Chalcedon, which cried out; "Peter hath spoken by the voice of Leo." The testimonies to this are far too numerous for us to deal with now. No one, who chooses to enquire into them, can fail to recognize their cogency.

The Church, then, which is borne witness to in the New Testament, is not the so-called Church of a multitude of jarring sects, made by man, nor a collection of conflicting schools in a State-created, State-governed, Establishment; but she is the One Holy Catholic Church of God, built upon St. Peter, and in communion with St. Peter's successors.

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A LITTLE SISTER OF CHARITY.

On Christmas Eve, 1870, Bordeaux was chilled by a black frost which was worthy of Russia: one more of the evils, the inhabitants said, caused by the invasion of the detested Germans! The open spaces everywhere were filled with motley and hurriedly organized troops, who, it was fondly hoped would push back the invader, and free France from this her hardest trial. Staff officers galloped madly backwards and forwards from the bureaux of the Ministry of War, carrying orders and counter-orders, and rendering confusion doubly confused. As daylight glided peacefully into the shadows of night, columns were formed and marched as usual in the direction of the railway station. We had spent many days waiting anxiously for our orders to proceed to that "front," from which we full well knew many of us would never return; where death or glory was the stake we should play for, and which, like a monster, cried daily more loudly for fresh victims.

Hurrying back to the Hôtel des Marins, where our General and his staff were quartered, I found the

"patron" bowing more civilly than ever, while his gentle wife received my laughing salutations with a softened and saddened manner foreign to her usual brightness, and telling of some new emotion. Before I had time to question her, I was called for by my chief —a man impatient of delay; so I bounded up the stairs, six steps at a time, to his apartment.

"Mon Général!"

The old man's face was rigid, his eyes glistened, his nostrils expanded, and his voice had hardened as he said:—

"We start at last!"

"When, General?"

"In an hour."

He then shook my hand, that was all; for we understood each other—this old war-horse and I. He was to take command of a division already on the march, and make for the east, so as to debouch upon the plain round Belfort, and then with the Southern army—of which we were to form part—to strike into Germany, and cut the enemy's line of communications. Such were the orders received, giving, as they did, the key to that plan of campaign which was to be the final effort, and which proved the most disastrous. We were soon at table, laying in provision for a long night's journey in the cold, and all the more readily that we were without any certainty as to the time of our arrival, and not quite sure at what point we should be able to strike the troops on the line of march which our chief was to command. The landlord brought us a bottle of his best wine, and wished us a safe journey and a

happy return—a wish in which the peaceful civilians present joined: glasses were filled, and we all stood up as the old chief gave us, "Vive la France!" ("A cheer for France"), and then tossed his empty glass on the floor, where it was shattered, as all our hopes were to be in a few months. Much hand-shaking followed, and tears in Madame's eyes: her son was with the army on the Loire. I consoled her by a promise to write by every post news of our movements, and then we started in a stuffy crowded compartment of a railway carriage—our destination being somewhere in the Côte d'Or. The reaction had set in, and we were all silent and thoughtful; the old chief looking out steadily into the dark, as if to sight an enemy.

"Give me a cigarette," he said at last, putting out his hand, for I generally made them for him. "We shall have sharp work, I expect."

To this I replied that I expected it also.

"Very hot work," he repeated. "And by-the-bye, have you settled your affairs before leaving?"

I replied I had none to settle.

To which he answered, with some severity of manner:—

"My motto in life has been, 'Business before pleasure.' So, as we shall be in the thick of it in a few days, you had better settle any business matters, and start with an easy mind."

I knew what the good old man meant, but I had made my peace with God, and so was at rest. He said no more, and soon after I went to sleep to dream of the pleasure before us.

After many turns and stoppages, we eventually came up with our men; the chief at once took command, and, before one day was over, introduced a stern though paternal discipline. The enemy, who were perfectly acquainted with our movements in this as they were in every other case, were pressing on to cut our line of march, and prevent the contemplated union of the several *corps d'armée* in the neighbourhood of Belfort. Quick to decide in all difficulty, the chief determined to alter his route, and mask his movement with a small body of the troops under his command, leaving the latter on the direct line, while he made the flank movement with the main body. The command of this small body of men with three guns—"to make a noise with," as the chief put it—was given to Colonel X——, and I was detailed off to act as his aide-de-camp.

"Keep them engaged for forty-eight hours," said the General, "and then follow us as soon and as well as you can."

We shook hands and cheered as the General rode away. When next we met it was after the war, when we both lay in hospital at Arcachon, where we went to recruit our broken health in the pleasant and aromatic breezes which blow from the pine-woods.

A few scattered houses lay along the main road, and higher up on the hill-side, and near to the road by which the Germans would come, lay the miniature town itself, with its church and single street of houses running through the vineyards. At the end of this street, upon a raised terrace of some five or six acres of garden, surrounded by a high wall on three sides, stood the only

house of any importance in the village—a one-storeyed dwelling of many windows, as strongly built as a fortress, and as quaint as an old abbey—a house many years old, and with long traditions. The Colonel determined to quarter his men in the village, and make his own quarters at the château—as we at once termed it.

The small park of the château, originally selected because of its commanding view and elevated position, was now for the same reasons selected as the ground from which, if we had a choice, we should give battle. It commanded both roads, so that each could be swept by our guns, whilst any attack from the rear was almost impossible. All the available houses, outhouses, and sheds were quickly requisitioned for the troops, and inquiries instantly made as to the château.

"Monsieur de Champrans, Captain, lives at the château with his only child, Mademoiselle Marie, and her old nurse, Madame Favel. There are only a few servants, and the château has been closed for some years; in fact, ever since the death of Madame."

We were soon knocking at the oaken door of the château, wondering as usual what our reception would be when we had stated our business. The door was opened, evidently, from the description, by Madame Favel, the nurse, who, speaking to a petticoat vanishing through a doorway, whispered over her shoulder, "Hide yourself!"

We asked to see M. de Champrans.

"Ah! Monsieur is not very well; if it be not something very important——"

We explained that it was most important, and were

shown through the large square hall with its low ceiling, into an anteroom. The hall itself was hung with spoils of the chase and several old paintings, the subjects of which were almost invisible. A carved balustrade staircase, wide and low in the step, led to the upper storey, and into the hall opened some half-dozen double doorways. In a few minutes an old stunted gentleman, of Southern type, entered and announced himself in a mild voice as "M. de Champrans"; and having apologized for receiving us in his dressing-gown, as he was not well, asked to what cause he might assign the honour of our visit.

In a few words we informed him, as politely as we could, that we came to take possession of his house, and the reason why. In a moment he flashed out into a passion, flatly refused, and asked us if we were aware he held the high office of Mayor and several other posts of dignity. We complimented him upon his high office, but insisted on executing our orders. Furious at what he considered an indignity, he clenched his thin hand, and advanced towards us, when the door was pushed open gently, and his daughter entered, followed by the nurse. Calmed in an instant by her presence, the old man looked to her for counsel; while we, lost in admiration, gazed and bowed low to what to us was a vision of beauty—a girl of slight but most graceful figure, developed by its sixteen summers, small, but with a face such as one sees in the Madonna. Her dark Spanish eyes glistened with a tear as she said:—

"Papa has not well understood you; he is suffering. Papa is very patriotic, and will welcome the defenders

of our poor France. If you will tell papa what accommodation you require, it will be prepared within the hour."

The little queen had spoken, and her subjects were silent. We faltered out our thanks and left with a sense of pain at the order we had just been compelled to execute. We reported to the Colonel (or rather, General, as we now called him) what we had done, giving all particulars, till cut short by the curt remark:—

"You seem more in love with the girl than with your duty!"

By evening all our troops were under cover, with the exception of those on outpost and other duty, and we with our new chief, the staff, and some other officers, were finishing dinner in the old château. After dinner we were received in the drawing-room silently by M. de Champrans, and by his daughter, Mademoiselle Marie de Champrans, with a childish dignity and grace that made every heart captive. Remaining only long enough to do the honours of her father's house, she wished us good-evening, the new-fledged General rushing forward to open the door for her. To my impertinent remark that he too appeared as much in love with the girl as with his duty, he laughingly replied by threatening to send me to quarters in the village.

Early in the morning all our dispositions were completed, our three pieces of cannon being placed in a position at the corner of the little park: it was cruel, but unavoidable. Towards midday news was brought in that the advance-guard of the enemy was marching

upon us, and might be expected within two hours. We pushed out a small body of men to get the first sight of the enemy, and with orders to fall back firing. The General gave some hurried instructions for the preparation of hospital accommodation, there being no medical staff attached to our small force. The Curé, who had come up to the château ready for his sacred duty in the day's work, was appealed to, and advised as to the most convenient spots. But Mademoiselle said :—

"M. le Curé has forgotten our gardener's cottage at the back; it is admirably suited for receiving our wounded."

"No, child," exclaimed the Curé; "that cannot be!"

But the little queen had spoken, and moved away to superintend the operations of preparation.

I followed to remonstrate, it having been decided that the family should retire to a place of greater safety, and "how were these orders to be carried out?"

She replied firmly :—

"No, M. le Capitaine; it is useless to remonstrate. I cannot be a soldier and fight; but I can serve here in my small hospital, and help the poor wounded as they are brought in. I shall be your little Sister of Charity."

A low bow and *au revoir* were my only answer, and I was off to a more exciting scene, with a promise that half a dozen men would be sent up to work under her orders in making the necessary preparations. At the door was poor old Madame Favel, wringing her hands and begging that "the little child" might be sent back; but there was no time to hear the rest.

The occasional crack of a rifle told us that the outposts were within firing distance; and we waited anxiously as our foremost men fell back and the firing increased and came nearer and nearer. Through our glasses we could discern the head of the enemy's column turning the spur of the hill on the road and spreading out in line; then our artillery sang out, and presently received an answer from the other side, whose strength appeared to be much about the same as our own, and who had probably been pressed forward to ascertain if we were the main body.

For three hours the work went merrily on, the crack of the rifle and the booming of the artillery waking up unpleasant echoes along the peaceful hills, while the white smoke crept and curled along the face of the hills, twisting itself round and clinging to the inequalities of the ground as if sorry to part from us. The three hours of actual fight were sharp and very determined; their object being to ascertain from our possible defence the strength of our numbers. As evening approached, the Germans gradually withdrew, followed by a portion of our force who were again to take up outpost duty. The firing grew gradually less severe, the roar dying away across the hills just like a departing thunderstorm, till it ceased altogether. Both objects had been gained. They had ascertained our forces, and we had checked their advance and probably secured the undisturbed progress of our main body. The wounded were brought in, the little hospital at the château was quickly filled, and all the available native medical talent was already hard at work.

It was late at night before the General could make his hospital round, and fill in his report with the number of casualties. We had almost forgotten our little "Sister of Charity" in the excitement of the last few hours, and of the active work in which we had been engaged; but now at last we arrived to pass through the small hospital of Mademoiselle Marie. Some six-and-twenty of our wounded were cared for in the old gardener's cottage, which exhibited a neatness and order not to be found elsewhere. As we entered, we were received by the child-nurse with a smile that was in itself curative, and a look of pity in her great dark eyes for those whom she already called "her poor boys," who from their blood-stained pallets followed with their eyes her every movement. She was queen here as she had been at home, and her least wish was obeyed with an alacrity which proved how great was the power of her simplicity, purity, and gentleness over even the most rugged natures. She took us round to each bed and explained each case, and left none without kindly and hopeful words, conquering and expelling, for the time at least, all that was evil in the nature of these rough men, and drawing out whatever was good in them. She held their hands while the surgeon probed their wounds, and lessened their agony by the sympathy of her tearful eyes and gentle voice. We followed, cap in hand, spell-bound at the power she wielded, and vainly endeavouring to realize by what magic the child of yesterday had developed into the womanly and practised Sister of Charity of to-day. The surgeon warned us, however, that the strain upon

her nerves of this sudden and painful occupation might end in a dangerous reaction, and the General tried to induce her to retire, for a while at least, and seek some repose; a piece of good advice which the Curé, who had joined us, in vain tried to enforce.

No, she would remain with "her boys," till all had been attended to and settled comfortably for the night. No, they were brave boys, these defenders of our poor country, and she would not desert them yet. And the poor fellows thanked her silently with their eyes.

Not till late that night did our little Sister return to the château for a few hours' rest,—to resume, however, at dawn her post of duty. Even in this short interval she had devoted some time to her father, who was suffering from the fright of what had taken place, and with alarm at the damage done to his property.

We were too busy the following day to visit the hospital, being engaged at the outposts, seeking information and completing our rounds. Towards evening however, the General, attracted by an emotion in which we all shared, again visited the wounded under the charge of Mademoiselle de Champrans, who, we were told, had not left her post all day. On entering, we found her in prayer by the bedside of one of our men who had died from his wounds, notwithstanding the unceasing care bestowed upon him. The picture was touching; the young soldier already stiffening in death, his face still bearing traces of the agony from which he had been released, and the child-nurse praying before the crucifix which she had placed upon his breast.

The General with uncovered head gazed at her for a few moments, and then, with moistening eyes, went slowly forward, and gently raised her; but what a change had taken place in those few hours! The young face was worn, the eyes were sunken and red with weeping; how the child had aged in this short time!

"I *could* not save him!" was all she said.

"Why, child," exclaimed the General, "you look quite ill, and your hands are hot and feverish! This won't do; you must come away at once, and take some rest—come."

"Ah, no, General! I must stay with my poor boys."

"No, no, my child; you must come back. You are one of us now, and must obey my orders."

Gently then he took her back to the château, helping her with the tenderness of a parent, one of her little hands resting upon his strong arm, while the other was held by his hand. Scarcely had we entered the old hall when the high tension gave way, the frail strength broke down, and "her General," as she had timidly called him, bore her fainting to her room.

Doctor and Curé were soon in attendance, and we waited anxiously for their report, but not without fears. The strain and excitement had been too great; this and over-fatigue had smitten our little Sister of Charity with a rapidly consuming fever, which, within the hour, had deprived her of her reason, and left her raving about her "poor boys." Many were the inquiries made in soft whispers during the night, but the news grew worse and more alarming.

For nearly two days the little strength of the child struggled bravely against the consuming fire of her illness; and yet we hoped against hope, till the Curé in surplice and stole passed up the old staircase, preceded by an acolyte bearing a burning taper. Then, and then only, did hope leave us, with the foreknowledge of the announcement that one of the purest and most noble of God's children had paid with her life the price of her devotion.

Willing hands quickly transformed the old hall into a *chapelle ardente* (mortuary chapel) where they laid our little Sister all clothed in white, her small withered hands clasping the symbol of that salvation which she had earned by the self-sacrifice of her young life. Four of her "comrades" stood night and day resting on their arms, one at each corner of the bier which bore the mortal remains of a heart too big for so frail a dwelling. Men came and gazed while the unchecked tears stood in their eyes, for the story of her sacrifice had spread through all ranks, and prayers were mentally uttered even by lips unaccustomed to pray. On the third morning her coffin rested on our shoulders, for none others should touch it, and her funeral should be that of a soldier who had died at the post of duty. Slowly we marched through the straggling line of houses with closed shutters, while every head was uncovered; and as the silent procession passed each guard and outpost, our little Sister received the salute from the comrades in whose service she had died. When the last prayer had been uttered, and the handful of earth gave forth a hollow sound from the lid of her coffin, sobs forced

themselves from men who had faced death in all its greatest horrors without the movement of a muscle. It seemed too cruel to leave her alone there in the frost-hardened earth, when she had died for them!

The cry of battle and defeat, and our dispersion in other parts of the east of France, soon erased from most minds the sad memories of these few days; but in the long winter nights, as the bright flames lap round the logs on the hearth of many a humble homestead in France, when the good man and his wife and neighbours sit round the warm fire and recall the memories of the days of the great war, often and often is told the old story of "little Marie," the volunteer Sister of Charity.

THE WIDOW'S CHILD.

Who among my readers, especially if living in the North, has not heard of Father Nugent, that true *pater pauperum*, the father especially of all prisoners and of those poor little "waifs and strays" whom the Pharisees of this generation pass by unheeded and leave uncared for in our streets? This good Samaritan gathers them up in his arms, and by placing them in totally new circumstances, and in homes far removed from old associations and bad companions, enables them to make a fresh start in life, and converts the neglected and hardened child, who had never heard a kind word before, into a respectable, Christian man or woman—a blessing instead of a curse to the whole community.

Many are the stories which that good Father has told me of his experiences in reformatories and prisons, and of these I will select one which I feel sure will be of general interest.

In one of the back streets of Liverpool lived a poor widow woman and her little girl. She had had a hard struggle to keep the wolf from the door since her husband's death, and now bad health had been the result

of numberless privations. She watched with ever-increasing anxiety the faults of her child, who was bright and intelligent, it is true, but easily tempted and led away, and whose future, in case the mother should die, filled her with fear and anxiety.

One day, feeling worse than usual, she sent the little girl to a shop to buy some needles and thread. The child did not come back, and the broken-hearted mother, after making inquiries in vain of all her neighbours, was roughly informed by a policeman that she was in the lock-up, having been caught stealing, and that she would be brought before the magistrates the next day. In an agony of mind she flew to Father Nugent, who at once went to the prison and found that the information was true.

On questioning the child, who was crying bitterly, she said she had gone to the shop for her mother's commission, and there had been tempted by a roll of bright-coloured pink ribbon, which was lying on the counter, and had taken it and hid it in her pocket. Being seen by one of the men of the shop, she had been at once seized, the ribbon produced, and she herself taken by a policeman to the gaol.

The shopkeeper, as an excuse for his harshness, said that he had been so perpetually robbed of late by children that he had told his men to be on the look-out, and poor little Margaret, whose first offence it certainly was, became the victim.

Father Nugent comforted the poor mother as much as he could, by pointing out to her that this fright might be most useful to the child as a check to her

vanity; he hoped that the magistrates would treat the case leniently, and would give her a nominal punishment. But the magistrates, like the tradesman, had become alarmed at the enormous increase of thefts among children, and so, as a warning to others, in spite of the good character given her in court, condemned poor little Margaret to five years' imprisonment in a reformatory.

This hard sentence completely broke the poor mother's heart, although she was consoled at finding that her child was to be sent to the Sisters of Charity at Sheffield, of whose kindness she had often heard. Father Nugent wrote also to the Superior, giving her all details of the child's history. In consequence of this the Sisters were most careful that she should not be brought in contact with their bad or hardened cases, and by placing her with their nicest children should have every chance of growing up a good and virtuous girl.

Their care was rewarded. Margaret, who was always quick and intelligent, rewarded the good Sisters by a devotion, a progress in her studies, and a good conduct which made her an example to the whole school. Very soon she was made a monitor, and by her influence over her companions became the right hand of the Sister at the head of the work-room, who trusted her implicitly, and never found her confidence misplaced. But her poor mother never recovered the shock of her child's disgrace, and died soon after Margaret's arrival at Sheffield, leaving her to Father Nugent's care, who faithfully promised to look after her when the time of her detention was at an end.

The five years passed quickly. Margaret had grown up a nice, strong, modest-looking girl, a favourite with the Sisters and with all her companions, when Father Nugent knocked one day at the door of the Reformatory, and asked to speak to the Sister Superior. Margaret's time of detention was over, and he wished to consult the Superior as to her future. The Sister strongly urged him to take her to America, as he was just starting for New York, adding that she felt sure he might recommend her anywhere, as she had given them nothing but satisfaction ever since she came into the house.

Margaret herself was delighted at the idea. She had no happy recollections of Liverpool, and being an orphan, with no brothers or sisters, had no ties or friends to leave there. So, joyfully making up the little trousseau which the Sisters had provided for her, and feeling no sorrow, save in the parting with those who had been so kind to her, she embarked with Father Nugent and several other emigrants, and arrived safely in New York. There she was placed in a convent till a nice situation was found for her as assistant teacher in a large school.

Here she remained for two or three years, giving every satisfaction to her employers, and especially to the good priest under whose care Father Nugent had placed her, and who wrote to him from time to time to give him tidings of her. After this she married a man of good fortune and a practising Catholic, and with him went to the South and settled at St. Louis. Then Father Nugent lost sight of her, and, having

many other children on his hands, Margaret and her history faded from his mind.

In 1879 he again started for America on a like charitable errand, with a number of girls whom he had rescued and saved. After having placed them in various situations and gone to visit several of what he called his "old children" in their happy homes, he was returning to England, and stopping with a friend of his at New York for a day or two on the way, when he was told by the waiter of the hotel that a lady wished to see him. He asked the name, but it gave him no clue as to who it could be; so he simply told the waiter to show her into the drawing-room, and he would come and see her. He went accordingly and found an elegantly dressed young lady, who received him with such enthusiasm and demonstrations of affection that he drew back instinctively and coldly. Then the lady threw herself at his feet, and seizing his hand, exclaimed:—

"Father, do you not know me? I am your little Margaret, your Sheffield Reformatory child, whom you brought to America ten years ago!"

Delighted at the meeting, the good Father made her sit down and tell him her history. It seemed that after she and her husband had been some little time at St. Louis a fire broke out in the hotel where they were staying. Her husband had thrown himself from the window in his fright, and, though he had escaped burning, he broke both his legs, and was so seriously injured that he died shortly after. Margaret, returning to New York, took a situation in a large dry-store warehouse,

where she got on admirably, and earned a large salary ; but finding that the close confinement in a store began to affect her health, she gave it up and determined to try some other employment. She attended a course of lectures, and, having greatly improved herself, she opened classes for young ladies, which prospered so well that she was now quite comfortable and independent. Father Nugent's pleasure at her success may be easily imagined. She insisted on his taking some money for his poor children ; and as he was sailing the next day, she went on board before him and filled his cabin with fruit and flowers, and everything she could think of to add to his comfort during the voyage. Father Nugent found that she had always continued a fervent Catholic, and was most active in all works of charity in her parish. But her gratitude to him knew no bounds.

"Where should I have been, Father, but for you?" she kept on saying, and begged him to remember her specially to the Sisters at Sheffield who had given her the training to which she owed so much of her success.

"I could only thank God," said humbly the good Father, when telling me the story, "who had so blessed the means He put in my way."

But will not the little Margaret's soul be hereafter one of the brightest gems in his crown?

A SINGULAR CONVERSION.

I DO not think that any one conversant with the inner life of English people in the present day can deny that there are two very strong currents in public opinion: the one inclining to rationalism and infidelity in all their various forms, and the other to Catholicism, as being the only logical form of Christianity. Hence the ritualistic movement, which imitates the Church in so many ways and teaches so many of her doctrines; although missing the one fundamental point on which all the rest hangs, *i.e.*, submission to one supreme authority. But it is not only from the ritualistic ranks that converts come. "The Spirit of God bloweth where it listeth;" and sometimes in the most unlikely quarters, and under apparently the most unpropitious circumstances, the grace is given, with the will to follow the holy inspiration. The following story will exemplify my meaning.

There was a lady of good birth, highly educated, and of pleasing manners and appearance, who, when I first knew her, was a devout follower of that curious sect called "the Plymouth Brethren." She had very peculiar notions about baptism, and, in consequence, when she married, would not allow her children to be baptized,

because she thought they were not ready to "renounce the world, the flesh, and the devil." She had an independent fortune of her own; but unfortunately married a man who spent the greater portion of it, and was in many ways a bad and unfaithful husband. She had four children—three girls and one boy—and soon after the birth of the last, went to live in France, both to escape from home difficulties and for pecuniary reasons. I will give in her own words the account she wrote to me of her way of training her children, and of her own conversion:—

"When I came to France, I placed my children in a day-school kept by some nuns who had a convent near us, as my girls were very young, and I had no talent for teaching myself; nor could I afford a governess. During the holidays the Superior called upon me one day, and in the course of conversation asked me if I should object to the girls saying the Rosary with the other children. I said I did not object to their being present, but I could not allow them to say it. I became alarmed at the thought that they would insensibly be attracted to the Catholic faith, and so determined to take them away. At the same time, I could not escape the Catholic influences of the place and the people around us, where all the *fêtes* and practices of religion were scrupulously observed. And I did not like to deny the children one of their greatest pleasures, which was to keep fresh flowers before the shrines of the Blessed Virgin, to decorate the altars, and when there were processions—as for Corpus Christi and the Assumption—to get a donkey-load of evergreens and box-

branches to lay down in the road and at the church doors, and to deck the *reposoirs* (or places where the Blessed Sacrament rested) with fresh flowers from our garden or from the neighbouring town. Unconsciously in that way I fostered the Catholic feeling which I think is natural in all children, and especially their devotion to Our Blessed Lady.

"When they got a little older, I was strongly urged to send them to a convent in Paris, called Les Oiseaux, and went there to see about it. But the Superior did not like Protestants, and I felt that if they were taken, it would be on the understanding that they should become Catholics. This I strongly objected to, as I did not think they were old enough to judge for themselves, and I wished them hereafter to have full liberty of choice; so I decided instead to take them to a school I had heard of at Bingen, on the Rhine. A sudden illness, which came upon me when I was actually at the station to take our tickets for Cologne, frustrated this intention, and prevented my undertaking the journey. I think it was my guardian angel and the children's who stopped me; but anyhow, my plans were in consequence entirely changed, and I finally made up my mind to go back to Brittany.

"Here there was a Franciscan convent and school not far from the house I had taken, and I was strongly advised to send the children there by some Catholic friends of mine, who spoke very highly of the Superior and of the nuns, and assured me that their object was not to convert their pupils, but to make them good Christian women, though living in the world.

"There happened to be a children's party given by these nuns on the Feast of St. Catherine, to which my girls were invited. I went with them, and was so pleased with the Superior that I settled to send the children to their convent school as day-scholars. I was very careful, however, that they should have a course of Scripture-reading every morning with me before going to their classes, hoping thereby to 'keep them straight,' as I expressed it. During this time I read myself a great many Catholic books, especially Cardinal Newman's, whose writings I admired immensely; and I used to have long talks with certain members of the Catholic clergy, and especially with a French bishop, who was very kind to me, and volunteered to help me in every way with regard to the children.

"But somehow it never occurred to me to come into the Church myself. I admired a great deal that I saw and heard, but I could not feel the necessity or expediency of making any change in my religious habits and views. Yet all the time God's goodness was smoothing the way and removing the prejudices of my life, one by one, breaking down the barriers which my early education had raised, and opening my mind more and more to receive the truth.

"During my twelve years' residence abroad in daily and intimate intercourse with Catholics, some of whom were most edifying in their devotion and charity and whose lives were a perpetual and living testimony to the purity of their faith, I was, curiously enough, never led to doubt whether my own position were or were not a right one. There were no meetings of Plymouth Bro-

thers and Sisters in the country-place where we were living, and the nearest Protestant Church to us was an Anglican and ritualistic one. Now I never could understand ritualism in the Church of England. I had left it behind me for many years, and had no sympathy with it whatever. I could not conceive why, as they held the doctrines of the Catholic Church, they did not enter its communion. In consequence, when I went to church at all in France, it was to a Catholic church, where I used to go and pray when there were no services going on. I had a certain sense that in spite of the 'errors,' as I thought them, which had crept into that Church during the lapse of centuries, she 'was built on the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief corner-stone.' 'Here at least,' I used to say to myself, 'is the reality; the ritualists are only the imitation.' So that without troubling my head about doctrines, I used to go and pray, and feel that Our Lord was there. Of course my Catholic friends used often to wish me to become one with them. They would constantly give me little pictures or medals, and ask me to say such and such a prayer. I accepted their kindness, but never said the prayers. I firmly believe, however, that it was the prayers of others which brought me into the Church. Whenever I did any little act of charity to the people round us, they would invariably say: 'We shall say a little prayer for you, dear madam, that God may give you His light,' or 'His grace.' I do not remember the time when I did not hear the words: 'We will pray to the good God for you.'

"After a time I returned to England, and under circumstances of deep pain and difficulty. While under the pressure of a great sorrow I used to attend for some months the daily services at Westminster Abbey, and was often greatly soothed when there, but never fully satisfied. I missed something, I knew not what, which I had always felt in France when kneeling before that little light telling of the Divine Presence. But I was cast solely upon God at that time, and prayed earnestly for light and guidance. I ought to add that by nature I am extremely reserved, and it never occurred to me to relieve myself by opening my heart to any one on earth. But I told all to Our Lord, and felt that I was willing and ready to follow His will wherever it should lead me. It was quite a chance, however, humanly speaking, which brought me into the immediate neighbourhood of a Catholic church, and certainly the thought of ever becoming a Catholic had never entered my mind for one moment. So I was much astonished when one evening the servant came up to say that a Catholic priest had called, and wished to see me. I declined at first, but then the thought of the many kindnesses I had received abroad from Catholics made me relent. So I went into the anteroom and said: 'I am not a Catholic, sir; but if you will come in, I shall be glad to see you.'

"I had never spoken to an English Catholic priest before; and I was surprised at his almost secular dress. He was a perfect stranger to me, and we talked about wind and weather for some time; till at last, by pure accident, the conversation turned upon some question of Catholic doctrine which I had started, I must say, in

a very superficial manner. The Father answered me in a calm, quiet way, and gave me, as I thought, a charitable exposition of his view of the matter, which did not impress me much at the time, but came back to me afterwards with extraordinary force. I remember my having spoken sarcastically of the miracles attributed to Our Lady of Lourdes, and the way in which he impressed upon me that, in such matters, we could not limit the power of God. Then we spoke of the children; and he startled me by asking, all of a sudden, if they had been baptized. Now this was a very tender point with me, for they had not; and of late I had begun to have a great deal of anxiety about it. The sect to which I belonged did not approve of infant baptism; and I had always put it off as they grew older, fearing they were not sufficiently prepared. In the same way I had refused to allow them to be confirmed in France, in spite of a pressing letter from an Anglican clergyman, telling me of a visit of a Protestant bishop to a neighbouring town for confirmation. It was evidently the overruling purpose of God's Providence which blinded me thus to the danger of their dying unbaptized, and which preserved them so that they might be both baptized and confirmed in the Catholic faith.

"The good Father looked very grave and unhappy when I told him the fact; but he said nothing more, and rose to take his leave. I accompanied him myself to the door; and, just as he was going out, a sudden pang of fear and doubt shot through me for the first time. I was touched to the quick. What if he should be right,

and if I should be wrong all this time? I came back, and tried to occupy myself as before; but I tried in vain. I could not shake off the feeling which had taken possession of me, as it were, and which seemed to me like a power compelling me to search whether these things were so. After much anguish of soul, and real misery day and night, I made up my mind to write to this priest, and ask him to come back and see me; but a counter-influence made me put my note into the waste-paper basket. I think I must have written half a dozen different notes at this time, which all shared the same fate. It seemed such an impossible step to take—'to change one's religion,' as people say. What a folly at my age! I thought I was too old to trouble my head about such things. I only thought of the matter, as yet, as a difference of opinion on certain points, not as a matter of truth or error, still less as a truth which was necessary to salvation.

"My two younger girls came home about this time, and then the question of their baptism came back to me with overwhelming force. I felt I must do something in this matter, at any rate; so the very next morning I asked them if they felt any desire to be baptized. To my intense astonishment they answered me eagerly:—

"'Oh yes; we have wished it for so long!'

"'But in what faith?' I continued.

"'Oh, in the only one, mamma—in the Catholic faith!' exclaimed Gertrude.

"After this, I felt I could not delay any longer, and sent for Father C——. When he arrived, and had spoken to the children, he found what I had already

discovered, and had laughingly said that they were regular little Papists! He came regularly to instruct them; and, after a time, they were baptized, and were prepared for, and made, their first Communion with extraordinary joy and fervour.

"I had of course been present during the instructions given by Father C—— to my girls, and his words sank deeper and deeper into my mind and heart. It is impossible for me to look back and trace the wonderful workings of God's grace in us without adoring His infinite goodness. Finally, I could no longer resist, and was received into the Church also. My great anxiety now was regarding my eldest girl, who, I feared, was very much opposed to the Catholic faith. She came back from the country soon after our reception, and, as I expected, her astonishment knew no bounds.

"'How could you have been so influenced,' she exclaimed, 'and that so suddenly, by a man who was a perfect stranger, after you had resisted the entreaties of so many old friends abroad for so many years!' I replied that I really did not know myself, but that it had not depended on any one. I had simply felt compelled to do it, and could not resist the grace of God.

"A few days later, Father C—— called to see us, and was introduced to her; but he did not address his conversation to her in any way, nor did he make any reference to religion. This happened once or twice, but my joy may be imagined, when one evening I heard her ask him, as he was going away, whether she might come and speak to him some day at the Priory. He appointed a time, she went, and very soon after I had

the inexpressible happiness of finding her kneeling by my side. My boy was also converted, so that within six months of the first unexpected visit of this Catholic priest, we had all five been received into the Church."

So far, I have given this poor lady's journal in her own words. And now I must say something of the second daughter, Gertrude, which I borrow from a note of one of the nuns in the Franciscan Convent where she was sent to school.

"It was in January, 1880, that two English children came into my class. I was told that they were Protestants, and that I was not to speak to them about religion. But I was very much struck with the younger of the two, Gertrude, especially in her compositions. There was an earnestness, frankness and generosity in the child which won one's heart at once. A little later, the elder girl left; but she was replaced by a younger sister, and the interdict as to religious instruction was removed. No one attended to these lessons with greater eagerness than Gertrude, and one day she exclaimed to her companions: 'Oh, how happy you are to be all born Catholics and to think all alike!'

"On the feast of the Nativity of Our Lady she brought me a beautiful nosegay. I told her I would, with her permission, offer it to the Blessed Virgin, adding:—

"'What a pity you do not love her!'

"'Who said I did not love her?' she eagerly replied; and then, bursting into tears, she opened her whole heart to me, telling me how she was longing to be received into the Church, but feared she would have to wait till she came of age on account of her home diffi-

culties. She added that her brother was of the same mind, and that both had agreed to pray and do their utmost to become good Catholics. I encouraged her as much as I could, and taught her how to offer all her intentions to God, and to trust in Him to bring about her wish in His own time and way.

"Soon after they went to England, and then came the joyful news of her baptism and that of her whole family. But this was not enough for Gertrude; her one prayer was to be allowed to devote the rest of her life to God in religion. She wrote to me: —

"'Father Faber says: "It is a great thing to love God, but a greater still to make Him loved by others." It is that for which I long: to sacrifice all for Him who has died on the Cross for the love of me.'

"Her wish was granted; the following year saw her a novice in our Order, and never was vocation more real or happiness more complete."

We have little to add to this true tale. The poor mother died suddenly less than a year after her reception into the Church. Her Catholic life had been most edifying: she would hear all the masses that were said from half-past six in the morning, receive Holy Communion two or three times a week, and always pay a visit to the Blessed Sacrament in the evening, while frequently making the Stations of the Cross, and practising other pious devotions, besides devoting all her spare time to works of charity. Her eldest girl, after her mother's death, followed her sister in religion. The youngest is a boarder in a convent at this moment, with the intention of eventually becoming also a nun. The son

is going on most satisfactorily, and leading a thoroughly exemplary Catholic life; so that the mother's fidelity to God's call has been visibly and amply rewarded. In her last note to me, speaking of her conversion, she says:—

"No one can say that my coming into the Church was undertaken lightly, or without earnest prayer and deep searchings of heart. I cannot conceive any one, who has been under religious influences all her life, and thought constantly of such things, taking such a grave step as joining the Church of Rome, except after a great struggle; and so it has been with me. It was not the full glare of the sun all at once; but light gradually dawning, as one sees sometimes in a beautiful summer's morning, till all is flooded with brightness and glowing with beauty. I can only exclaim: 'I will sing of God's mercy for ever and ever.'"

FATHER DOMINIC

AND THE

CONVERSION OF ENGLAND.*

By DOM BEDE CAMM, O.S.B.

Most English travellers who have been to Rome have visited that ancient solemn church on the Cœlian Hill, hard by our own Saint Gregory's, where, under the protection and close to the sacred relics of the martyr brothers, John and Paul, lies the body of another Paul, a saint almost of our own day, so to speak, and one who should be hardly less dear to English hearts than the glorious band of Benedictine Apostles who left that Cœlian Hill and set their faces towards our country thirteen hundred years ago.

A modern chapel, magnificent with its coloured marbles and its columns of Egyptian alabaster (twins to those that surround the tomb of the Apostle of the Gentiles on the Ostian Way, and like them the gift of Mehemet Ali to the Pope), contains the tomb of this great soldier of the Cross. Calm and peaceful in death, clad in his black habit with the passion signs upon his breast, his hands clasping the crucifix, he lies there

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among his children, beneath an altar consecrated by our countryman, Cardinal Howard. In the convent hard by you may visit his cell, and there may see one of the most touching of the many shrines of Rome. A little recess at one end of the cell contains a humble altar. It has been left exactly in the state in which it was when the saint used to say Mass there during his last illness. The altar cards and crucifix, the paper antependium, the poverty and meanness of it all, affect one more than many a gorgeous shrine. There on the gradine is a poor little picture of Our Lady of Compassion, the *Mater Dolorosa*, with sword-pierced heart, which it is said the saint caused to be painted and repainted till at last our Lady's features wore the expression of heart-breaking anguish which he had seen in contemplation. Here, before this picture, the old man would daily say his Mass; here, time after time, he was found rapt in ecstasy, and raised miraculously above the ground; here he was wont to pour out burning prayers for the conversion of this country.

For, as is well known, prayer for England, ardent, continuous, persevering prayer, was a special feature of the sanctity of St. Paul of the Cross. When quite a young man, in his solitude at Castellazo, as he was putting the finishing touches to his Rule, he had a vision of England, once the island of the saints, covered with the mists of heresy. As he knelt before the tabernacle, during a fast of forty days, in the year 1720, it was borne in upon his soul with supernatural force that he must devote his life to prayer for the conversion of England. This inspiration filled his spirit as he drew up the pages of that austere and holy Rule, by which so many souls have been led to the heights of perfection. "Ah, England, England!" he would say to his sons in later years, while tears flowed down his cheeks, "let us pray

for England. I cannot help praying for that country; for as soon as I kneel down to pray the thought of that unhappy kingdom forces itself upon me, and it is now over fifty years that I have been praying for its conversion."

And we have all read of the vision vouchsafed to him in his Roman cell not long before his death. He was found absorbed in ecstasy, and when at last he was aroused, he exclaimed, "Oh! where have I been? I have been in spirit in England contemplating her glorious martyrs. O how I have prayed for that country!" And another day, while saying Mass at the little altar I have described, our crucified Lord appeared to him, and drew aside the veil from England's future. What he then saw he never made known, except that he cried, "Oh, what wonderful things I have seen my children do in England!"

The mantle of St. Paul fell on the shoulders of one of his sons, like himself a humble peasant boy, raised from shepherding the flocks of an earthly master to the pastorate of souls. His burning zeal for the conversion of England was enkindled in the breast of this fervent disciple, where it burned even yet more brightly, if that be possible. This disciple was Father Dominic of the Mother of God.

Like many another of God's saints, this holy man made little impression on those among whom he lived. He never became in any sense a public man; when he died he was but little known, save to a few Catholics whom he had edified by his virtues; he made few converts, and seemed to make little impression on our countrymen. He was poor and uncouth-looking, his English accent was deplorable, he was looked upon with suspicion by many as a fanatic whose independent zeal would but fan the dying embers of persecution; only a few holy and discriminating souls gauged his true worth.*

* Among these was Father Faber. The illustrious Oratorian

Yet but comparatively few years have passed since his lonely death at Reading, and already the cause of his beatification has been introduced at Rome, where it is making good progress, and already many are the miracles stated to have been granted through his intercession. It is indeed an encouraging thought that this saintly religious, whose whole heart was wrapped up in the cause of England's conversion, who died among us so lately as 1849, may very probably be raised before long to the altars of the Church, that we may invoke him, together with the other apostles and saints of England, to hasten the great work which was so near his heart.

Two lives of Father Dominic have recently appeared, both written by members of his own congregation, the one in Italy, the other in England. The Italian life has already received the warm approbation of His Eminence Cardinal Parocchi, who was the first to suggest the introduction of the cause of beatification, and who says in a published letter that he earnestly desires that it may be widely spread among the faithful of all classes. More than this, it has been honoured by a brief from the Sovereign Pontiff himself, who has deigned to extol at once the virtues of the humble Passionist and the piety and talents of his biographer. The English life, by Father Pius Devine, has been issued under the auspices of the Provincial, and represents more fully that side of Father Dominic's life which will be of more special interest among us—his labours in the English mission.

Dominic Barberi was born of poor but pious parents at Viterbo, June 22, 1792. His father died when he was only three years old, so that he owed his early training exclusively to his mother. This good woman

was once speaking about modern saints. "I think there is at least one saint now living," he said, "and that is Father Dominic, the Passionist." This I have from the person to whom the remark was made.

was a miracle of charity. Poor as she was, her alms were most abundant; like the widow of the Scripture narrative, she may be said to have given her all. Maria Antonia, as she was called, would go to the mill with a sack of wheat to be ground into flour, and return over and over again with only a handful of flour, if any, at the bottom of the sack, so often had it been opened on the way home to give to the poor who begged of her. Her devotion to our Blessed Lady was so fervent and so confident that she obtained from her the sudden and miraculous cure of a broken arm, which threatened to keep her in the hospital away from her little children.

Thus, like so many of the saints, Dominic owed much to the teaching and example of a pious mother. Like St. Edmund of Canterbury, he learnt from her to practise little mortifications on Fridays and on the vigils of the feasts of the Madonna. A Capuchin friar impressed his childish mind with a deep sense of that heavenly mother's love. "My child," he said to him, "do you love the Madonna? Know that the Madonna loves you a great deal more than even your mother does." The child never forgot this, and all through his life Dominic's great devotion to our Lady was one of the characteristic marks of his sanctity.

His ardour for study was as remarkable as his piety; in spite of many difficulties he succeeded in getting taught how to read; when his mother's death threw him on the world, he was adopted by her brother, who treated him kindly, but thought book-learning was quite useless to a young farmer. The boy, however, contrived to get books, and he devoured every one he came across. Although some of these were useless, or even dangerous, he took no more hurt from them than a temporary cooling of his fervent piety. His daily Rosary and the frequent use of the Sacraments kept him from the perils

of that infidel and immoral age. He delighted, too, in reading the lives of the saints, and in a Latin Bible which he found in his uncle's house. This he began to pore over with the help of an old dictionary, and in a short time was astonished at the ease with which he succeeded. The lad had, in fact, a genius for study, and was already preparing for a vocation of which he little dreamed.

He was a boy of eighteen when he became acquainted with some Passionist Fathers, who had been driven out of their retreat of St. Angelo near Vetralla by the wave of the French Revolution which had invaded the country. He chose one of these fathers as his confessor, and soon made great progress in virtue under his direction. This Padre Giuseppe taught him the habit of mental prayer, and from that time the young peasant remained faithful to the habit of spending at least a quarter of an hour daily in this holy exercise. He made extraordinary progress in it, and from the very beginning seems to have been inundated with heavenly favours. It was now that the desire to enter religion took possession of him; but how was it to be accomplished? The religious were all expelled from their monasteries, and there seemed no hope of their restoration. In his fervent desire for penance, the young man begged of God to send him sufferings, and his prayer was heard. He fell dangerously ill, and as he lay trembling at the thought of his sins, (though as he admits he was not aware of having ever fallen into mortal sin), he seemed to see himself brought before the Divine Judge, and called upon to give an account of his life. The thought of the Blood of Jesus and the intercession of Mary gave him strength and comfort, but this vision of judgment remained ever afterward vividly impressed on his mind. Though he soon recovered from this illness, he was troubled for a long time by intermittent attacks of fever,

and in his fervour the boy would say the *Te Deum* every time that he was seized by the malady.

In 1810 he was alarmed by being called upon by the French military authorities to offer himself to the conscription ballot. For Napoleon, the enemy of the Church, he felt he could not fight; and in great distress he prayed fervently for deliverance from this peril. While praying he fell asleep and seemed to see his dead mother appear to him, with words of consolation and encouragement. "Fear not, my son, I will never abandon thee," she said; "thou shalt not go to the war. Come with me." And she seemed to take him to the Church of the Dominicans, and bade him be enrolled in the confraternity of the Rosary. Then taking him to the place appointed for the ballot, she seemed to place in his hand a high number, sufficient to exonerate him from military service. This dream made the young man redouble his prayers, especially to the Madonna; but not content with that, he made a vow to become a Passionist if ever the religious were restored. So confident did he feel that his prayer was heard, that he went calmly and joyfully to the ballot, and, in fact, drew the high number which he desired.

But alas for human weakness! His piety, instead of being increased by his joy and gratitude, sensibly diminished after his escape. His uncle and aunt were anxious he should settle down and marry, and he allowed himself to drift into an engagement with a young girl of the neighbourhood, who seems to have been good and virtuous, and sincerely attached to him. He was persuaded that his vow was conditional and could not bind him, and to quiet his scruples a dispensation was even obtained. Dominic fell passionately in love, and with the ardour of a southern nature he felt he would sooner give up God and all hopes of eternal

happiness than his betrothed. A friendship he had formed with a dissolute young man helped to increase his repugnance to the divine call which still echoed loudly in his ears. He fell ill again, and seemed to see demons preparing to carry off his soul to hell, till at the very moment of their triumph Mary appeared, making intercession for him, and driving away the devils. She seemed to promise her Son that Dominic would change his life; she would stand surety for him, for he had always been devout to her, and had never omitted to recite her Rosary. Even after this he had terrible struggles to undergo before he could bring himself to follow his vocation. He was, however, greatly assisted by his elder brother, Adeodato, to whom he had confided his secret. This young man desired Dominic to come with him to a hermitage, where some pious men had gathered in those evil days to lead a life of penance and solitude. At last through his prayers and exhortations grace triumphed. The young girl, in spite of her grief, nobly released Dominic from his engagement, leaving him free to follow the divine call.

His idea was, of course, to become a lay-brother. In his humility he never dreamed of any higher rank. Yet already he had had a divine intimation of the vocation reserved for him by God. Here are his own words, as translated by Father Devine:

> Towards the end of that year [1813] . . . I was on my knees before God in my poor little room, praying and beseeching Him to provide for the necessities of His Church, when I heard an interior voice (which only those who hear such can understand) in set words, which did not leave a shadow of doubt as to its being from God. The voice told me that I was destined to announce the Gospel verities, and bring back stray sheep to the way of salvation. . . . I was astounded at such an announcement, and could not for the life of me imagine how it could be verified. . . . I had the intention of becoming a Passionist, but until that interior voice spoke to me, I never

dreamt of being a cleric. To be a religious in any shape or form was the summit of my ambition. Then, however, I felt convinced I must be a priest; but how was that to be? All religious orders were suppressed by the French just then, and there seemed not a single ray of hope. A few months passed by, the Pope came back to Rome, and gave the Passionists leave to don their habits once more, I went at once and presented myself to the Provincial in St. Angelo. He received me as a lay-brother, and I was perfectly satisfied, leaving all the rest to the Almighty. I was happy at St. Angelo, where I acted as servant to the community, and where divine favours were very frequently bestowed on me.

About the end of September, or beginning of October, 1814, on a certain day, whilst the religious were taking their refection, I went for a few minutes into the Church to pray before the altar of the Blessed Virgin, and whilst I was on my knees the thought occurred to me: How was the prophecy of last year to be fulfilled? Was I to go as a lay-brother to preach, and to whom was I to go? China and America came into my head. Whilst I was thus racking my brains, I understood (not by an internal locution as before, but by another mode of interior communication which I cannot explain), that I was not to remain a lay-brother, but was to study, and that after six years I should begin my apostolic ministry, and that I was not to labour either in China or America, but in the North-west of Europe, and especially in England. The time was not explained to me, neither was the manner in which I was to be sent there. I was so convinced of this being a divine communication, that I should sooner have doubted of my own existence than of its truth. I was sent soon after to Paliano to be received as a lay-novice, and yet I felt that I should notwithstanding become a cleric and a priest.

Thus this remarkable vocation was foreshadowed. And now for twenty-eight long years must he wait before he is allowed to put his hand to the work for which he so ardently longs; twenty-eight years of discipline and patience, by which the Divine Providence is to fashion him into a worthy instrument for the great work prepared for him. It was not till 1840 that he first set foot in England, nor till 1842 that he began to labour there.

It is remarkable that on his way to Paliano he found Bishop Milner making a retreat at SS. John and Paul on

the Cœlian Hill. He received the venerable prelate's blessing, and the circumstance sank deep in his heart. He little knew that it was in the Midland District, then ruled by Bishop Milner, that he was to labour hard for souls in the years to come.

At the noviciate house his talents were soon discovered. He interpreted with ease a passage of the Vulgate which the young clerics failed to explain, and it was soon clear that he would do honour to the Congregation as a priest. In spite of some difficulties the change was carried out, and he left the ranks of the lay brethren. It is impossible to describe the ardour with which he threw himself into his studies, after the trying ordeal of the noviciate had been safely and blamelessly passed through. His progress was extraordinary, and at the completion of his studies he was found fit to be a lector, or professor to the young clerics of the Congregation. Thus this ignorant, self-taught country lad became a teacher of philosophy. His ardour for study was only surpassed by his zeal for his own perfection.

The Italian life quotes at length the rule of life drawn up for himself while a student. We may be permitted to quote a few extracts of this *Orario Spirituale:*

> On entering my cell I will make the acts of faith, etc. While making my bed I will say a *Pater*, *Ave*, and *Credo* in honour of the Sacred Heart. Then I will kneel down and say three *Aves* to the Madonna, and a *Pater* in honour of St. Thomas Aquinas, and then I will set to work at my studies. Immediately the sign is given for breakfast I will leave my work at once (and this I will do whenever the signal calls me to some common exercise, without even finishing a letter); and I will go to take it, thinking on my way of my studies. On returning to my room I will continue my work, always directing my intention to God. Every time I hear the great clock strike I will kiss the crucifix, and clasp it to my breast. . . . When the signal for class sounds, I will go at once, and on the way I will reflect that this may be the last time that I shall go before I die; and I will make resolutions to keep from

showing off. I will also say a Hail Mary for the Father Lector, and to be able to learn well. While we wait for the F. Lector I will not speak or make signs, and if others do this I will take care not to laugh lest I encourage them. I will be very attentive to the explanations given, and will never interrupt any one by proposing difficulties, . . . and if any one makes some blunder I will try not to laugh at him. . . . On going back to the cell, I will make my spiritual reading, and before doing so will examine my conscience as usual. I will do some little penance for the faults I have committed, and afterwards will read some pages of the holy Rule, standing up, and imagining that I see before me our venerable Founder speaking to me. . . .

In performing any office imposed on me, I will try not to be in too great a hurry, but to do it quietly as in the presence of God. And when I can help a companion in anything, I will do so gladly even when I am not asked; and when I am asked I will answer kindly; or if I cannot do it I will excuse myself, giving the real reason why it is impossible. I will always prefer works of charity to any private devotions, and also to study. . . . At the refectory I will maintain a modest quiet demeanour, always making some acts of mortification, as for instance in the choice of food, and also in my position at the table, etc., and this I will do in every other circumstance. When a plate is put before me I will consider that I am unworthy of it and will give thanks to God; and then I will imagine that the Holy Child Jesus is by my side, asking me to give Him some nourishment, and so I will put aside for Him the most dainty morsels. I will never eat to satiety, but will always leave off while I am still a little hungry. . . .

When I am reproved by my superior I will at once go down on my knees, and will never make excuses, and I will say a Hail Mary, and offer the Precious Blood to the Eternal Father for him. If the rebuke be public I will say a Rosary for him as a mark of gratitude. I will often recommend myself to the prayers of the other students, and beg them to remind me of my faults, and when they do so I will thank them and pray for them.

He so carefully hid his talents from his companions that they were at the time quite unconscious of his great superiority, as is recorded by his first biographer, who had been his classmate. A beautiful trait of his character was his tender charity. His love for his

brethren showed itself in a thousand ways. He made a list of the virtues most prominent in each, and in which he proposed to imitate them. When they were sick he became their slave. His zeal for souls was burning and intense. When ordained priest he would wander about the mountains, and gathering little knots of peasants around him, instruct them in the law of God. He preached once or twice a Sunday, and besides his teaching work as lector managed to learn Greek, French, and English, though in the last-named language he was hampered by having no teacher to tell him the right pronunciation. England and his mission were always haunting him. He hardly ever preached but he exhorted his hearers to pray for our country; his prayers and penances were invariably offered up for the same intention. He communicated his zeal to those under his charge and to many of his penitents.

In 1824 he was summoned to Rome to teach theology at SS. John and Paul. Here his love for England first found opportunities of active zeal. That love had ever grown, until he looked on our country somewhat as a tender mother does on her only child stricken down by a mortal disease. One Palm Sunday during the procession, when outside the door of the church, our Lord gave him an extraordinary sentiment of compassion for the poor heretics of England.

I seemed to see them [he says] outside the church, crying to be let in. Lord, wilt Thou that I cry, that I weep for them? I will cry indeed, but what will my plaints profit if they are without fruit? Dost Thou will that my grief should have no remedy? . . . No, Lord! I adore the secrets of Thy wisdom, but I will not for all that cease from knocking at the door of Thy mercy. I will never be content till I see the whole universe united in Thy breast, but, above all, till I see my beloved England return to the unity of the Catholic Church. Thou, O Lord, hast given me this desire, grant me to see its accomplishment.

When on Good Friday he heard the Lamentations of Jeremias chaunted at Tenebræ, he seemed to hear the voice of England lamenting over her desolation. "Ah," he cried, "alas! it is too true, until now *non fuit qui redimeret.*"* Every day at the elevation of the Mass he offered together with the Divine Victim the people of Great Britain to the Eternal Father. This practice he recommended to others.

Yet though he longed intensely to go to England, he would take no steps of his own accord. Long before he had even met an Englishman, a holy secular priest strongly advised him to ask leave of the Pope to go to England, but he answered that he would not venture on such a step. "I am the son of obedience, and obedience must order me. God will see to the manner of it." In 1830, however, the first gleams of hope dawned on him, through his making the acquaintance of Sir Harry Trelawney, Mr. Ambrose Lisle Phillipps, and the Hon. George Spencer—three distinguished converts whose names and careers are known to all. He was introduced to Sir Harry Trelawney in order to teach him the ceremonies of the Mass, as the old gentleman had at last made up his mind to seek ordination at the hands of his friend Cardinal Odeschalchi. The friendship that ensued with the other two gentlemen mentioned was one of the turning-points of Father Dominic's life. It was, indeed, through their means that at last the longed-for call to the English-mission field came to him. His correspondence with them has been printed as an Appendix to the third volume of the Oratorian *Life of St. Paul of the Cross.*

* He afterwards wrote a paraphrase of the Lamentations, called "The Lamentation of England, or the prayer of the prophet Jeremiah applied to the same," which was translated by his friend Mr. Phillipps and published in 1831. It is exceedingly touching and beautiful.

No one can have read it without being deeply impressed by Father Dominic's burning zeal. Father Devine describes his joy very happily:

Father Dominic was in a sort of ecstasy. Father Spencer introduced Ambrose Lisle Phillipps to him, and they used to take a walk every day in the beautiful garden of SS. John and Paul, which overlooks the Coliseum. How Father Dominic strove to learn the language! How he exulted in the prospect of one day seeing the Promised Land! How he glowed with joy as he thought of multitudes of heretics coming into the Church at his words! All this we have heard from the lips of Father Ignatius Spencer. He used to describe Father Dominic as radiant with joy when he met his English friends, after he had given class, and how he had a lingering word with them at the door before they departed. . . . The whole Retreat was full of interest in the *Inglesi*. The lectors talked to the students about them. The lay-brothers had orders to be kind to any Englishman who came to visit the place. The brother porter was taught some questions in English which he might put to them; and if they desired further answers, or seemed interested in the matter, Father Dominic was called to speak to them.

This little catechism of the porter, in its quaint broken English, was not without its effects. Several conversions came from it—a touching instance of how God can use the feeblest instruments to promote His glory.

In 1831 Father Dominic was removed from Rome and sent to make a new foundation in Lucca; this, though a great disappointment to him, did not damp his zeal. He continued his correspondence with his English friends. He writes to Mr. Phillipps, for instance:

I would like to hear frequently about your health and about the progress our holy religion makes in that island, which is never absent from my poor heart. Ah, who will give me the wings of a dove to fly thither? . . . I hope. I hope. Oh, happy day! Oh, happy moment! I rejoice in the hope of being one day able to reach it. Oh, dear England! Oh, beloved nation! And when shall I behold thee restored to the loving bosom of our holy mother the Church? Then shall I be able to say, "Nunc dimittis servum tuum Domine . . . quia viderunt oculi mei salutare tuum."

As Father Devine truly says:

> We rarely come across anything more affecting in the lives of the saints. How many priests in England tried to hurry her return to the Church? How many laymen were perhaps retarding the work, if not by lack of zeal, at least by lack of diligence! Here is this poor Italian dying for the chance of doing something for those, many of whom were doing almost nothing for themselves.

In 1833 he was called to the General Chapter of the Congregation held at Rome. He then delivered an appeal to the Capitular Fathers on his one great object —a foundation in England. The Fathers were not, however, sanguine as to its possibility, and the question was shelved till the next General Chapter, six years hence. Meanwhile he was elected Provincial of the Province of the Addolorata, and went to take up his abode at Paliano, where he had been a novice. He now multiplied his labours to a prodigious extent. And yet he was all the time suffering from infirmities sufficient to keep any one else in the infirmary.

> For upwards of twenty-one years he had to be swathed, and exertion of any kind caused him intense pain. Yet he was never idle. . . . The only dispensation he ever asked for was from the comforts which are allowed to missionaries whilst recruiting their health after apostolic labours.

Father Devine gives a list of fifteen important books, including a course of moral theology and a course of philosophy, which he had composed in twelve years. In all he had written thirty books, besides letters on controversy enough to fill four large volumes, and three courses of sermons.

His missions were all fruitful in good. His preaching was so simple that the poorest could understand it. In 1836 the cholera broke out at Ceprano, and he devoted himself with the most extraordinary zeal to the care of the plague-stricken and panic-stricken people. At last, struck

down himself, it seemed as if he would die a martyr of charity; but God reserved him for greater labours.

His humility shone out more brilliantly than ever when he was Provincial. He was sometimes taken for a mere lay-brother, and thoroughly enjoyed the humiliations the mistake brought him. If he saw a priest waiting for a server to begin his Mass, he would quietly put on a cotta and perform this lowly office with the greatest joy. Nor was he bereft of a strong sense of humour. Once, when a missioner, a poor scrupulous creature came to confession, and told him she had fallen in love with one of the missioners. He soon perceived that she meant himself:

"Where is your place in the church?" he asked her.
"Right at the back, father."
"Well, next time, my child, go up to the top, and look the missioner well in the face, and I promise you won't have any more scruples of that sort!"

He was, indeed, singularly plain and unattractive-looking. Another time, when giving a retreat to a Community, he said:

"During the retreat you are all collected and silent, and it is nothing but 'Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost,' and that is well, and as it ought to be. But as soon as the retreat is over it is, 'As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be.'"

At last, after interminable negotiations, a foundation in England was arranged. Mr. Phillipps was to give a house in Leicestershire. But Father Dominic was not among those appointed to go. Still he did not despair. The project fell through, and a foundation was accepted at Ere, near Tournai, in Belgium. But even for this Father Dominic was not chosen. Nevertheless, he said confidently to his companions, "You will see; I shall be sent." And so it was. The Superior who had been

chosen begged to be let off, and Father Dominic was appointed in his place. At last he was on his way to the north-west of Europe! This was in 1840.

But, alas, in what state did this longed-for summons find him! He was worn with pains, with labours and illness, and more fit, as his companion writes, to be sent to a hospital for incurables than to a home or foreign mission. There was no delay. He started off early next morning, on muleback, and his brethren who saw him shook their heads and thought he could not reach Rome alive. . . . He was so feeble and tortured with pain that two big young men had to lift him into the saddle, and then to support him on each side over the rugged stony pathway until he reached the high road to Rome.

It was from Ere that he wrote a letter to the professors of the University of Oxford, in reply to a Latin letter written by Dalgairns, which appeared in the *Univers* in April 1841. Father Devine gives this remarkable document in full, as an appendix to his work. It will, we hope, some day be reprinted as a tract and widely circulated. It is a magnificent appeal to follow the divine call to the Catholic Church, and it answers the difficulties and objections raised by Anglicans in the most masterly way. We can allow ourselves but one extract:

Your sighs and the longings of your hearts for that dear country you love so much have pierced my heart through. If that country, so little known to me, is so dear to me, how dear ought it to be to you to whom it gave birth! Dear England does deserve a sacrifice. If one single soul deserves that we should endanger life for its salvation, how much more does not an entire nation deserve—and a nation so great, so renowned, and so deserving? Tell me then, dear brethren, what is the sacrifice you would wish me to make for you? and, trusting in God's assistance, I will make it. I wish God would grant me the favour of giving my life for your conversion! . . . Since, however, I cannot shed my blood, permit me to shed my tears. I believe those tears will not be unacceptable either to your God or to yourselves.

In 1840 he paid his first visit to England, arriving on

an inauspicious day—November 5—when all England, so to speak, was dancing round bonfires and reviling the Catholic religion. But, though warmly welcomed at Oscott, he did not make a long stay, but in the next year he returned for good. He arrived on October 7, 1841, and next day wrote from Oscott, to Mr. Phillipps, a letter which is now preserved as a relic in our monastery of Erdington:

> I am here in England again—come here to stay, and I hope to work all the days of my life for the glory of God and the salvation of the dear souls redeemed by the precious Blood of Jesus Christ.

When, seven years later, he lay down to die on the platform of Pangbourne station, he had, indeed, accomplished a mighty work. Little in appearance, perhaps, nevertheless he had reaped a harvest, ay, and sown the seeds of yet another, the effects of which are not yet fully seen. That little band of converts received at Littlemore on October 9, 1845, was not that a harvest for which a man might well have spent a lifetime of prayer and penance? Was it a mere chance that it fell to his hand to gather in those souls and herald thus the birthday of the Second Spring? He wrote himself of this crowning act of his ministry, "This I consider an ample reward for all I have suffered since I left Italy; and I expect that the results of such conversions will be incalculable." May it not, indeed, be said that the conversion of John Henry Newman was the greatest event of its kind that has happened since the Reformation, and it is not likely that the future holds in store for us a greater. And if a conversion is chiefly and necessarily the work of God's grace in answer to the intercessions of Catholics, shall we be wrong if we attribute to Father Dominic a far greater share in this unique conversion than appears, or can appear, on the surface?

Nor is this all that Father Dominic accomplished. He reintroduced into England the wearing of the tonsure and the religious habit; he gave the first* regular mission preached in this country, inaugurated the first outdoor procession of the Blessed Sacrament, revived devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and sowed many another seed of which we now reap the harvest, to say nothing of his founding among us a flourishing Province of his religious Congregation.

The difficulties he had to contend with were immense. Even the Oscott students laughed at his quaint appearance, and mimicked his broken English; and most English Catholics looked with suspicion on his foreign innovations. He had to undergo a veritable martyrdom before he could found his mission at Stone. Yet he triumphed over all these obstacles by the sheer force of his sanctity. The boys gave up throwing stones at him, when they observed him picking them up and kissing them. If his sermons provoked laughter by their quaint blunders (he once said in a retreat "without face it is impossible to be shaved," meaning "without faith it is impossible to be saved"!), his very aspect powerfully touched the hearts of the most hardened sinners. He lived a life of extreme mortification, his labours would have worn out a constitution of bronze, while he was suffering cruelly all the time from hernia and other complaints. The people instinctively gave him the name of *the holy father*.

Here is the account given by Mgr. Searle, then a divine at Oscott, of Father Dominic's appearance:

He looked very passable in the habit. He was not handsome, nor was he tall. He was short, and rather stout of

* There is, we believe, some doubt as to this point, for this honour is claimed also by the Fathers of Charity. As a matter of fact, F. Gentili and F. Dominic began this work almost simultaneously, and we may be content to leave the honours divided.

body, and his voice was squeaky, but he had an eagle eye, picked up English wonderfully, and could blend sarcasm and irony in the most simple and apparently harmless observation. In secular clothes he was a holy show. His coat was not made in any style known to English tailors ; it was neither clerical nor secular ; it fitted nowhere ; and where it might fit it was wrongly buttoned. . . . The comical twinkle of his eye when he told a good story, and his grave demeanour when he spoke of heaven made him seem a compound of all that was humble and sublime in human nature. When he came to see us in recreation he amused us immensely. When we went to him to confession, or to have our vocations decided, we came away in admiration. Altogether his appearance was so far from elegant that the students called him "Paddy Whack" among themselves. He possessed marvellous sway over us all, and could do what he liked with us.

Father Dominic's first home in England was Aston Hall, near Stone, in Staffordshire. He was received very badly, for the priest whose place he took had been little worthy of his sacred character, and in his anger at having to make room for the Passionists had prejudiced his small Catholic flock against them. They received the holy missionaries with jeers and insults. But this was nothing to the treatment he received in the neighbouring town of Stone, which with unwearied zeal he soon undertook to evangelize. When the Protestants of the place first saw the bare-foot missionaries in their strange habits passing through their streets, they were roused to a fury of bigotry. In this they were encouraged by their ministers. "Father Demoniac" was the mildest name they applied to the holy Passionist. Not content with jeers and abuse, his appearance was the signal for a shower of stones and mud. He was regularly hooted out of the town ; but he never failed to return. At last he conquered by sheer force of meekness and sanctity. He began to say Mass in a room in the Crown Inn, on Advent Sunday, 1842. This was the mustard seed from which the present splendid mission sprang. He is said

to have prophesied the future success of the work whose foundations he thus laid amid obloquy and persecution, and to have told his hearers that one day a fine church and a spacious convent would take the place of his humble chapel. He soon began to give missions and retreats all over the country. His first effort in this direction was at Lane End in Staffordshire in March 1843.

Father Dominic was not pleased with his first appearance on the platform, and the local priest was disappointed. On the second evening he thought he had failed egregiously as he came to the sacristy, and just then he found himself mistaken. A big, strong Irishman came in, threw himself on his knees, the big tears rolling down his cheeks, and amid sobs and sighs asked the missioner to hear his confession. Father Dominic said 'yes,' of course; but before beginning the confession he asked him what part of the sermon struck him so forcibly, or how was he moved to such extraordinary repentance.

"Your reverence, the whole sermon strack me all of a hape. I did not understand more than a few words of it, and don't know from Adam what furrin language you were talkin'. But I saw you stretch out your arms, and yer voice had something so kind in it, that I said to myself, "Though I am the biggest blackguard in the whole church—more shame to me!—that holy man won't scould me, and I'll make my confession to him."

This was the beginning of the fruits. Other conversions followed, and when the week was over Dominic saw that his vocation had found a platform indeed.

In April 1844 he opened a chapel in stone, built from the designs of the great Pugin. But his time was very largely filled with missions and retreats. He used to travel about with a huge trunk, which became the subject of various adventures. On one occasion it was mistaken by the porters for another, and when he came to open the portmanteau he found that it contained a lady's ball dress, while his own which had nothing in it but his habit, sandals, and a crucifix, had been carried off by the lady! The exchange could hardly have been a more awkward one for either party.

However, though the trunk left home comparatively empty it generally returned filled with offerings of the most miscellaneous description. He took whatever people gave him, and brought it home to the community. Books, potatoes, teapots, boots, whatever might come to hand, were equally welcome. His despair when, on another occasion, he lost this precious trunk, was only surpassed by the joy with which he welcomed its safe return. He knelt down on the platform and embraced it before all the passengers, crying: "Oh, my dear thronk, my sweet lovely thronk, how many years have we been together, and how many journeys have we made! How many miseries have we shared, and how many rejoicings have we had together! The chance did separate us, but it was in an honest country. The English are honest. They give their own to the poor and to the stranger."

His simplicity makes us smile, but it was the simplicity of the saints. His love for holy poverty was so great that he once travelled from Birmingham to the Belgian house at Ere almost without food. The whole journey cost him the sum of threepence over his actual fare. He often called at a presbytery and asked for a sack or a mattress on which to pass the night. He gloried in humiliations and in sufferings. He would not even ask for any of the Fathers he had most loved in Italy to be sent to help him in his work, "lest the comfort of a friend he could confide in might lessen the poignancy of the cross he had to endure."

The reception into the Church by Father Dominic of Newman and his companions in 1845 has been already mentioned.

In 1846 he accepted a foundation at Woodchester, which, however, was afterwards abandoned, and in 1848 he was summoned by Bishop Wiseman to London.

This was the beginning of the now flourishing Retreat of St. Joseph at Highgate. It was first begun at Hampstead. Father Devine recounts to us the history of these foundations, and we must refer our readers to his pages.

One of his greatest consolations was the reception of the Hon. and Rev. Ignatius Spencer into his congregation. This holy man had already as a secular priest inaugurated a most zealous and widespread crusade of prayer for the conversion of England. He had been Father Dominic's friend at Rome, he had been the first to summon to England, and to welcome him on his arrival; and now in December 1846 he came to knock at the Passionist's humble door and ask to receive the habit of St. Paul of the Cross. We can imagine the ecstasy with which Father Dominic embraced his old friend. He was ready now to sing his *Nunc Dimittis*. His great work was left in good hands, and he knew that God had blessed it. This and the conversion of John Henry Newman were the two bright gleams of joy in Father Dominic's long way of sorrows.

For, as he once had written :

> Ah! my God, my God, how much I have to suffer! Although I have been preparing for imaginary trials for twenty-eight years, I find I was not half well enough prepared for the dire reality. The will of God alone keeps me up. I am here because God so willed it from eternity. Blessed be His Holy name! This is all the comfort I have."

Such was the humble priest who lay down to die, almost alone and deserted, on August 27, 1849. Like St. Francis Xavier, whom he had chosen as his special patron, his dying eyes rested longingly on the mission-field in which he would fain still have laboured, that mission-field so dear to him, for which he had given up home, and friends, and country, and now was to lay down his life.

His funeral was a triumph, and his incorrupt body now reposes beneath the high altar of St. Anne's Retreat at Sutton, in company with that of his great disciple, Father Ignatius Spencer.

The little church he built at Stone is now preserved with loving care by the daughters of Margaret Hallahan as a shrine which is itself a relic. When, as we humbly trust, the Church shall raise him to her altars, that little chapel in the garden of the Dominican convent will become a place of pilgrimage. Already God has glorified his servant by several miracles, which are now being examined into by the sacred Congregation of Rites.

This brief sketch of Father Dominic's career may well be concluded by the quotation of one or other of his spiritual maxims:

I will ever endeavour to hide myself in Jesus Christ, so that my life may be that of Jesus, my honour that of Jesus, my joy that of Jesus. I will never put any limitations to the obligations I owe to God. I will never be satisfied with anything I may have done for Him. What I cannot do by my own labours, I will make up for by desire, and in all action I will always do what I know to be more pleasing to God.

In all my prayers and in the holy sacrifice of the Mass I will keep England before my eyes in order to recommend her to God; and specially will I do so at the consecration. I will ever remember that God is wont to make use of any sort of person, however vile or abject, to do great works for Him; but that He never employs the proud.

I will imagine that on my shoulders lies the burden of the salvation of all men, and therefore, I will never cease night or day praying God for them.

Note.—The writer must express his obligations to the two biographies alluded to in the text, that by P. Luca di San Giuseppe (Genova, Tipografia Arcivescovile, 1897), and that by F. Pius Devine (Washbourne, 1898), and must refer his readers to these interesting works for further details of F. Dominic's holy life and labours.

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THE DOGMATIC TEACHING

OF THE

ROMAN CATACOMBS

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

The following pages were written by one who is admittedly well qualified to treat the subject with which they deal. Mgr. Campbell's long residence in Rome, his frequent opportunities of visiting and examining the Catacombs, and his well-known interest in matters of Christian Archæology combine to recommend him as a competent authority.

It will be noticed that the work here presented was originally delivered as a lecture in Rome, and it may be presumed that those to whom the speaker addressed himself had already some little acquaintance with the subject. As the present pamphlet is intended to be read by many who have never had an opportunity of seeing the Catacombs, it has been judged advisable to preface the lecture with a few explanatory remarks, and to make some slight verbal changes, with the object of rendering the work better suited to the appreciation of those for whom it is now destined. Some foot-notes have also been added to the text.

The original signification of the word, 'Catacombs' has not yet been satisfactorily determined. The expression seems to have been first applied to the small and unimportant Catacomb near the Basilica of St Sebastian, on the old Roman road known as the Via Appia. The full title of this Christian burial place was the 'Coemeterium ad Catacumbas.' The name 'Catacomb' is now extended to all the ancient subterranean Christian cemeteries.

The Roman Catacombs lie outside the walls of Rome, but, in general, at no great distance from the city. Each 'Catacomb' consists of a group of underground passages or galleries, occasionally widening into a chamber or crypt. The bodies of the departed were commonly disposed in 'Loculi' or niches, ranged along the sides of the galleries; though, in the case of the more important saints and martyrs, the remains were often deposited in a position of greater prominence in one of the crypts. More than fifty of such groups are known to exist in the immediate neighbourhood of Rome. To give an idea of their total extent, it has been calculated that 'Their labyrinthine galleries, if stretched out in one continuous line, would reach from one end of the Italian peninsula to the other,' and that the number of interments which took place within them must be about six millions.

An erroneous notion too generally prevails that the Catacombs owe their origin to the necessity which the early Christians were under, of having recourse to concealment in times of persecution. It is doubtless true that the violence of Pagan persecution did much to change the Catacombs from mere places of sepulture into places of frequent resort for the harassed and hunted Christians: but it is now admitted by all authorities that the formation of the earliest Catacombs goes back to apostolic times, and thus antedates the earliest outburst of Pagan intolerance and cruelty. As this point is of great importance, I subjoin the following extract from the well-known work of Northcote and Brownlow, (*Roma Sotterranea,* 1st ed.) The passage gives a summary of the history of Catacomb construction.

'When the Roman Christians of the *Apostolic age* commenced the construction of subterranean cemeteries, the work was comparatively new. It was carried on in a rock the consistency of which was unknown, within the narrow limits of a legal *area,** and for the use of a people

* This expression, 'legal area' refers to the plot of ground specially set apart for the purpose of sepulture, and as such recognised and protected by Roman law. It must be remembered that down to the middle of the third century, though the Christians themselves were persecuted, their cemeteries were respected, and enjoyed the same rights as those of the Pagans,—at least in theory.

as yet few in numbers. Consequently they did not think of constructing spacious chambers with ceilings of perilous dimensions, neither did they contemplate the construction of more than one *piano,'* (or level). 'Hence the most ancient part of a Catacomb is found to consist of a gallery extending as far as the limits of the area permitted. Small *cubicula,'* (or chambers), 'were then, constructed as circumstances might render necessary, with entrances from the gallery, and when this single gallery became insufficient for the wants of the community, other galleries and cubicula were excavated at considerable intervals from each other.

'As time went on, certain further modifications became necessary.' Amongst these are mentioned the reduction in size, and even the crowding together of the *loculi,* or separate receptacles hollowed out to contain the bodies of the departed. 'Even these expedients failing at length to supply sufficient space, the fossors,' (*i.e. fossores,* or excavators), 'conceived the idea of excavating another *piano'* (or storey), 'either above or below the first.

'A later period shows signs of the protection of the laws having been removed, and the cemeteries no longer manifest the same careful observance of the limits of the geometrical area. . . . The fossors, no longer confined within certain prescribed limits, constructed at this period very large crypts, . . . and, at the same time, to satisfy the requirements of a large Christian population, we find a multitude of poor, miserable galleries, full of loculi, but destitute of all ornament. It is also during this period that we meet with studied contrivances for concealment from persecution. . . . Finally in this period we notice indications of the gradual abandonment of the practice of subterranean interment.'

The Catacombs afford most important testimony as to the doctrine and practice of early,—nay, of primitive—Christianity, and show that both of these were such as appear in no existing system except that of the Catholic Church. This is the argument which occupies the attention of Mgr. Campbell in the following pages, in the course of which frequent reference is made to the *symbolic* character of early Christian art. I therefore deem it advisable to cite from the work already quoted (*Roma*

Sotterranea) the following account of the rise of Christian painting.

'In its first beginnings it was intent only on creating or selecting certain necessary types or figures that might stand for the religious truths it desired to represent. It did not concern itself to make a complete provision of appropriate accessory ornaments of its own, but borrowed these without scruple from the works of the pagan school, from the midst of which it was springing forth. The principal figure in the composition, some biblical, or at least, symbolical subject, gave the religious and Christian character to the whole. . . . This is the leading characteristic of the first age of Christian painting.

'By and by the cycle of symbolical types grew more rich and complicated by the addition of the mystical interpretation of biblical stories, and was used with great skill and freedom under the direction, it would appear, of learned theological guides.

'By the end of the third century, this cycle had received a fixed traditional form, and was constantly reiterated. It had become, as it were, consecrated.' . . .*

From the foregoing remarks it is evident that the primitive Church made use of these symbols as a recognised means of expressing her doctrine and practice. And the symbolism employed is so regular and so appropriate that it may be described as a pictorial catechism of Christian Doctrine.

It is both interesting and instructive to note that Protestants,† who at first showed a disposition to ignore, or even to deride, the teaching of the Catacombs, are now more disposed to do justice to the subject.

The reader whose acquaintance with Latin is limited to the classical form of that language will notice in the inscriptions given in the following pages, frequent deviations from the classical standard of writing. Not only are

* The above quotations from *Roma Sotterranea* are taken from the 1st Edition, which seems better adapted for use in a condensed account such as is here presented to the reader. The historical and doctrinal bearings of the assertions there made are not affected by the changes introduced into the second and greatly enlarged edition.

† See, *e.g.*, the art. 'Catacombs' in Schaff-Herzog's 'Encyclopædia of Religious Knowledge.'

letters sometimes interchanged, but forms occur which are in direct violation of ordinary grammatical rules. I may instance the occurrence of such phrases as 'pro merita.' These irregularities must not be viewed as an exclusive peculiarity of the Christian inscriptions. They are simply exemplifications of that tendency which manifests itself in every living language, and especially in the everyday speech of the people, the tendency to modification and simplification of form and phrase. They suggest, at the same time, one reflection with regard to the Christians of the first ages. These men, to whom all succeeding ages justly look back as to their models, cared little, as their inscriptions show, about a reputation for classicality of style; they had, indeed, a much more important object in view, for they were anxious to secure the suffrages of the faithful on earth, and the favour and protection of the saints in Heaven.

GERALD STACK.

THE DOGMATIC TEACHING OF THE ROMAN CATACOMBS

After passing the Pagan tombs on the Appian or Latin Way and visiting, perhaps, one of the 'Columbaria,'* where the ashes of the Roman dead are stored, on entering any of the subterranean cemeteries of our own fathers in the faith, we are at once struck by a difference. We find no boasting monuments proudly recording the deeds of the departed, we read no despairing farewells and mourning over eternal separation; the bodies are not reduced to ashes or hidden out of sight beneath a pile of massive masonry, but we see ranged along the sides of galleries of easy access or reverently disposed in the 'Cubicula' or chambers, the 'Loculi'† of the Church's children,—of brethren, members of the one family, not distinguished by rank or other nobility than what was conferred by the palm and purple robe of martyrdom. Here 'eternal sleep'—death itself is never named; it is a place of rest, of sleep, indeed, for a time; a depository where the mortal remains that were the temple of the Holy Spirit are laid, but to be taken up again; where the living and the dead still commune, ever united in the faith of 'the communion of saints, the resurrection of the body and the life everlasting,' which we all profess in the Apostles' Creed.

The very name by which the Christians knew the resting-place of their dead, 'cemetery,' a 'sleeping-place,' the arrangement of the tombs, the language of the inscriptions, the series of objects carved or traced in

* Buildings erected to contain the urns which held the ashes of the dead. From the appearance presented by the rows of niches in which the urns were deposited, these buildings received their name of Columbaria, 'Dovecots.'

† Separate recesses for the bodies of the departed.

colour, every symbolic ornament, teach us that the chief thought of the Christians in their necropolis was faith in the mystery revealed to them in death and in the future destiny of the soul,—conviction that death was not the end of existence but the beginning of a new life.

The language of the Catacombs is also the language of the first Christian writers. 'To us, brethren,' says St Cyprian, 'it has often been made plain that our brethren who are delivered from the world are not to be mourned, for we know that they are not lost, but only sent before us, and that they live with God' (St Cypr., De Mortalitate, 20). With this the epitaphs agree, 'recessit,' 'he departed,' 'praecessit,' 'he went before'; and it is by a phrase of the same classical flavour that in the Canon of the Mass we still make daily commemoration of those 'who have gone before us with the sign of faith, and sleep in the sleep of peace,'—*qui nos praecesserunt cum signo fidei, et dormiunt in somno pacis.*

This is Tertullian's *Fiducia Christianorum, Resurrectio mortuorum** (Tert. De Ressurectione Carnis.); it is St Cyril's *Radix cujusque boni operis,*† St Epiphanius's *Totius rationis fundamentum*‡; for this St Paul pledged his apostleship and his gospel: 'If there be no resurrection of the dead, then Christ is not risen again. And if Christ be not risen again, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain' (I. Cor. xv. 13, 14). This faith impregnates the whole style of the inscriptions, as it sustained the living in their trials and their sufferings and consoled them at death. From the epitaphs the words bury and burial are banished, the dead are not *sepulti* but *depositi,*§ they 'sleep' because they are to rise again.

St Cyprian makes it a test of faith not to put on mourning, *nec accipiendas hic esse atras vestes, quando illi ibi indumenta alba jam assumpserint.*‖ He calls those who are excessive in their mourning 'prevaricators, who, while they profess to believe that their friends live with God

* 'The Christians' assured hope, the resurrection of the dead.'
† 'The root of every good work.'
‡ 'The foundation of the whole system.'
§ Not 'buried,' but 'laid'; or (as we say), 'put to sleep.'
‖ 'Nor should we put on a black garb here below, while they have already donned the white garment there above.'

(*apud Deum vivunt*), show by their actions that their faith is unreal, feigned, and counterfeit.' Eloquently the simple slabs give expression to the same thought; the day of death became the 'day of birth,' and a touching epitaph records on the grave of a child that 'she was baptised the day before she was born' (*pridie Natalis sui*).

The bodies of the faithful departed being regarded as sacred deposits, the whole funeral rite was in harmony with this reverential feeling. The first act of the long series of religious ceremonies with which the Church consecrates the death of her children is the commendation of the soul, a very ancient form, preserved to us in the ritual as the 'Ordo Commendationis animae, quando infirmus est in extremis.'* The antiquity of these prayers is confirmed by the monuments of the Catacombs, in which a constantly recurring cycle of subjects, painted and carved, is found, embracing nearly all the biblical histories or allusions found in the 'Recommendation of the Soul'; while the monuments themselves receive comment and explanation from the liturgical prayer. Continually recurring among these scenes we have the Ark of Noah, in which he was saved from the flood, the taking up of the prophet Elias, the prevented sacrifice of Isaac, Daniel in the den of lions, the Three Children in the fiery furnace, Susanna delivered from her accusers. And in the 'Commendatio animae' the petitions are precisely made: *Libera Domine animam servi tui, sicut liberasti Henoch et Eliam de communi morte mundi; sicut liberasti Noe de diluvio; sicut liberasti Isaac de hostia et de manu patris sui Abrahae; sicut liberasti Danielem de lacu leonum; sicut liberasti tres pueros de camino ignis ardentis et de manu regis iniqui; sicut liberasti Susannam de falso crimine:* 'Deliver, Lord, the soul of thy servant, as Thou didst deliver Henoch and Elias from the common death of the world; as Thou didst deliver Noah from the deluge; as Thou didst deliver Isaac from the sacrifice and from the hand of his father Abraham; as Thou didst deliver Daniel from the den of lions; as Thou didst deliver the Three Children from the furnace of burning fire and from the hand of the wicked king; as Thou didst deliver Susanna from the false accusation.'

* The order for the recommendation of a departing soul.

The same sentiment of reverence, manifesting faith in a future resurrection, accompanied the removal of the body to the grave. As soon as the last breath was drawn, pious hands closed the eyes and composed the limbs. The washing of the body was followed by anointing with balm and aromatic oils. So lavish were the faithful in paying this mark of affection to those that went before them that Tertullian boasted that in his day more money was spent among the Arabians and Sabaeans by the Christians for embalming their dead than by the Pagans for incense to burn to their gods. In the devastated condition of the Catacombs it were vain now to look for traces of this pious custom, beyond rare examples, and occasionally the presence of a balsam phial, or the hollow where a phial has stood.

But Prudentius has told us how it was the custom to wrap the body in fair linen (*Linteo . . . candore nitenti claro*), and to sprinkle it with myrrh and sweet smelling spices.

With like reverence the body was conveyed to the tomb, accompanied by psalms and hymns, with lights and torches: Generally the whole night was spent in the recital of psalms and canticles, and the funeral liturgy, which began at the place where the person expired, was completed at the grave with the *Sacrificium pro Dormitione*, the 'Sacrifice for Rest.' To be deprived of this sacrifice was a penalty of the severest kind, and St Cyprian tells of a law passed by the Church in Africa, to punish by this form of excommunication one who had, contrary to the Canons, summoned a cleric to trial,—'*Nec sacrificium pro dormitione ejus celebretur.*' In Rome the liturgy was repeated on the third, the seventh, and the thirtieth day, and again on the anniversary.

All these rites were based on the doctrines of the immortality of the soul, of the judgment, of a state of happiness or of suffering according to the merits or demerits of the deceased, of confidence in the prayers of the Church and in the intercession of the saints, and of prayer for the dead. And all these doctrines are exhibited in the language of the epitaphs that even now survive after the lamentable dispersion and destruction of the precious memorials of subterranean Rome. *In pace*, 'in peace,' meets us at every turn; *In bono quiescas*, 'rest in happi-

ness'; *In æternum vivas*, 'live for ever'; *Spiritum tuum Deus refrigeret*, 'may God give refreshment to thy spirit'; *Deus tibi refrigeret*, 'may God refresh thee'; *Refrigeret animam tuam*, 'may He refresh thy soul.' The deceased is made to appeal to the living: *Ut quisquis de fratribus legerit, roget Deum ut sancto et innocenti spiritu ad Deum suscipiatur*, 'If any of the brethren reads this, let him ask that this holy and innocent soul may be received by God.' The living appeal to the dead: *Roges pro nobis*, 'Make petition for us'; *Pete pro sorore tua*, 'Pray for thy sister'; *Pete pro parentes tuos*, 'Pray for thy parents.' Those who have just left this life are recommended to the compassion and prayers of those who are already in the enjoyment of God: *Domina Basilla commendamus tibi Crescentinum et Micina[m] filias nostra[s]*, 'Lady Basilla (for so they addressed the martyrs), we recommend to thee our children'; *Commendo, Basilla, innocentiam Gemelli*, 'I commend (to thee) Basilla, the innocence of Gemellus.'

In the margin of a loculus in the catacomb of Pretextatus we read:—*

'Refrigeret Januarius Agatopus Felicissim, Martyres.'
Paulo Filio merenti in Pacem te suscipiant omnium
spirita sanctorum.

In the cemetery of Callixtus there is an epitaph of the third century: *Agatemaris spiritum tuum inter sanctos.* From the cemetery of Cyriaca we have this inscription (now in Naples): *Sancte Laurenti susceptam habeto animam ejus.* Bosius† saw in the cemetery of Basilla a marble fragment

* The following group of inscriptions has been left untranslated, as their elliptical style or imperfect state must render their precise meaning doubtful. Their general tenor is, however, sufficiently plain: words like 'refrigerare' (refresh), and 'suscipere' (receive, *i.e.*, in the sense of favour and patronage), clearly denote the invocation of saints.

† Bosius (Antonio Bosio) was Agent of the Order of Malta, and in that capacity spent many years in Rome, where he died in 1629, leaving unfinished his great work, the 'Roma Sotteranea,' (*i.e.*, 'Subterranean Rome.') His book, which was published in 1631-2, has the distinction of being the first systematic work on the Roman Catacombs, and represents the result of the devoted labours of twenty-five years. Its value is increased by the fact that many of the materials used by Bosio have since disappeared.

with the words, *Serenus flens deprecor ipsum Deum et Beatam Bassillam ut vobis pro me* . . . . He also read in the cemetery of Hippolytus, the inscription, *Refrigeri tibi Domnus Impolitus.*

Tertullian, speaking of the Christian widow, who stands by the bier of her husband, says, *pro anima ejus orat, et refrigerium interim adpostulat ei, et in prima resurrectione Consortium,* 'she prays for his soul, earnestly begging refreshment for him, and a share in the first resurrection.' (Tert. De Monogamia, 10).

The thought of the great judgment also accompanied their confidence in the intercession of the saints; they saw the martyrs already seated as assessors by the White Throne, and they propitiate them with the invocation, *Succurrite cum judicabitis,* 'Help us when you come to judge.' So runs a graffito* found in the cemetery of Praetextatus, and addressed to SS. Felicissimus and Agapitus. Parallel to the sentiment of such inscriptions is a representation frequently met with on the arcosolia,† and even found carved on slabs that closed the loculi, a representation in which the soul of the deceased is shown under the common figure of a woman praying, standing between two holy advocates, who, *lateribus tutum reddant, i.e.,* are appealed to 'to stand by her, and protect her.' In one instance, in the cemetery of Cyriaca, as she is about to pass the tribunal of God and enter the blessed kingdom (symbolised here by a garden planted with trees and flowers), the praying figure is seen between two youths, who raise the curtain to let her pass behind the veil. In another, in the cemetery of Hermes, the scene of the judgment is represented; our Lord is seated on a lofty throne; before Him the soul stands between two saintly advocates. In another (from the cemetery of Syracuse), our Saviour is seated between two apostles, and on her knees before Him is a woman, who is welcomed by the Good Shepherd into His garden, which last is symbolised by a collection of flowers and green boughs.

As in life, so in death the faithful abhorred association

* Graffiti are inscriptions rudely traced upon walls by private individuals.

† A name given to those loculi, or tombs of the martyrs, which were surmounted by a semi-circular niche or vault.

with pagans. The earliest name by which they called one another was fratres, 'brethren.' They were *fidei consortes, spei coheredes*, 'comrades in faith and co-heirs in hope.' To be buried apart was a suspicion of heresy, and from the Christian cemeteries all tainted with heresy were repelled. Accordingly, it was probably from a Novatian cemetery that an inscription was taken, with the remarkable reading, *Christo Deo sancto Christo uno*,* in the sense of Noetus, while another, *Qui et Filius dicenis et Pater inveniris*, is probably Sabellian. But it was the special ambition of the Christians to be laid near to the tombs of the martyrs. And so we find in the crypts of the martyrs, in the sides of the arcosolia, and opened even across the painted decorations of the tombs, graves constructed for those who were able to secure the privilege,—a privilege which the epitaphs themselves record† — *Ad sancta martura; Ad sanctum Cornelium; Ad sanctam Felicitatem; Ad Hippolytum; Ad sanctum Caium; Retro sanctos; Ad sanctos*. How firmly rooted this devotion to relics was we can gather from the fact that in the third century the Novatian schismatics robbed the cemetery of Maximus to sanctify a cemetery of their own. And we have evidence of more than one translation of the body of a martyr from an older part of a catacomb to a part of more recent excavation belonging to a period when persecution had ceased, to consecrate, as it were, by its presence the neighbouring graves. This, however, was very exceptional, for the primitive practice was decidedly averse to disturbing the sacred remains; and this feeling was carried so far that, when it was decided to give greater distinction to the tomb of one of the more renowned champions of the faith, or to provide space for larger assemblies of the faithful to celebrate their anniversaries,

* Noetus and Sabellius both flourished in the second century, and belonged to the class of Anti-Trinitarian heretics, which comprised many different sects. By insisting too much on the unity of the Godhead, such heretics were led to deny the distinction of persons. Of the two inscriptions here given, the former is suspicious on account of its insisting on the unity of the person of Christ; the latter, by identifying the persons of the Father and the Son, is clearly heretical.

† These various expressions call attention to the fact that the deceased is buried 'beside, or near the bodies of various saints.'

rather than move the martyr from the place of his original deposition, those who directed the changes preferred to put up with an architectural deformity. Examples are common; and on this principle only are the irregularities in many crypts explainable, and even in the larger constructions that rose to the proportions of Basilicas, as we see in the situation of the altar in the Basilica of St Alexander on the Via Nomentana, and in the Basillica of SS. Nereus and Achilleus in the cemetery of Domitilla.

This reverence, coupled with confidence in the intercession of the saints, is expressed in lines in honour of SS. Nazarius and Victor, who—

'Lateribus tutum reddunt meritisque coronant:'

'protect the deceased by their vicinity, and let him share the merits of their crown.' An inscription of the year, A.D. 381 has, *Quae pro tanta merita accepit sepulchrum intra limina sanctorum, quod multi cupiunt, et rari accipiunt*: 'Who for her many merits, received a grave within the threshold of the saints, what many desire and few receive.' The poet-pope, Damasus composed these lines for the grave of a fossor:

'Constituit suum loco sanctis propiore:
Haec tibi sit, fossor merces condigna laboris.'

'He chose his resting-place close to the resting-place of the saints. Be this, O Fossor, the appropriate reward of thy labour!' And the following verses end the same pope's famous inscription in the crypt of the popes in the cemetery of St Callixtus:

'Hic fateor Damasus volui mea condere membra
Sed cineres timui sanctos vexare piorum.'

'Here I, Damasus, wished to lay my limbs, but I feared to disturb the sacred ashes of the saints.'

After the edict of Milan which gave peace to the Church (A.D. 313), and the subsequent laws of the Emperor Constantine, the crypts were transformed without disturbing the graves of the martyrs. Staircases were constructed, shafts to admit light and air were opened, decorations were added, and Damasus, the poet of the

Catacombs, commemorated in verse the glories of each sanctuary. Devotion brought crowds to pray, and the prayers of the pilgrims, from the days of persecution till the eighth century, are still to be traced in the graffiti, or inscriptions roughly traced on the walls: *Sancte Suste in mente habeas Aurelium Repentinum; Marcianum Successum, Severum Spirita sancta in mente habeto.** They were happy to carry away with them any memorial of the shrines they visited. *Brandea* † were laid upon the tombs, or passed through the *transennae*, or marble gratings that sometimes closed the arcosolia, and were afterwards preserved as precious memorials or relics. The oil which burned at many altar tombs was carried away and treasured as a sacred relic, and the celebrated notula of the Abbot John preserves to us a list of seventy-three shrines, from which he received his phials of oil, collected from the different cemeteries on the various roads that radiate round Rome, in order that they might be conveyed to Queen Theodelinda. ‡

Passing now from the epitaphs of the Catacombs to the paintings which are found in them, we must observe that, as we do not expect completely to reconstruct the creed of the early Christians from inscriptions, so we do not look for a complete formula of belief in the paintings. We shall be satisfied if we find at least some of their beliefs, expressed by a reminiscence or an allusion admitting no reasonable doubt as to what is referred to, and must have been brought before the minds of those for whom the representations were designed.

The peculiar condition of the Church in the first three centuries must be kept in mind, when we study these paintings. This condition had its influence on the style of art, and on the choice of subjects. The 'Discipline of the Secret' was a necessity of the time in all the cate-

* 'Saint Sixtus, be mindful of Aurelius Repentinus.' 'Holy souls, be mindful of Marcian, Successus, Severus.'

† 'Brandeum,' a late-Latin word, signifying a piece of silk, linen, etc. These brandea were used (1) to enwrap the relics of saints; (2) as memorials, to be touched with the relics, or at least, laid upon the tombs of saints.

‡ Or Theudelinda, the pious queen of the Lombards, to whose efforts was due the conversion of that nation, and of its king Agilulf, from the Arian heresy to the Catholic faith.

chetical systems of the Church, whether spoken, written, or portrayed. The more difficult articles of our faith were not revealed before a promiscuous audience; the unbaptised, even though candidates for baptism, were not at once introduced to all the mysteries; a rigorous separation of grades among the faithful was observed during the celebration of divine worship; and the reserve of the teacher, when he found himself addressing, not the initiated only, but catechumens as well is exemplified in the *Norunt fideles*,—'The faithful know what I mean'—with which he stopped short in his explanation. This discipline imposed a certain reserve on art, compelling it to confine itself within certain limits, and to conceal itself in symbol and allegory. The profanation to which the catacombs were subjected in the second half of the third century obliged the Church to still greater restriction, and we find a council at Elvira in 303 decreeing that sacred subjects should no longer be painted on the walls of churches: 'Placuit picturas in ecclesia esse non debere, ne quod colitur et adoratur in parietibus depingatur.' * It was only long after the peace granted through Constantine that Christian art passed into a period of realism.

The subjects treated in the paintings of the catacombs are, in great part, symbols: parables of the Gospel; historic events of the Old and New Testament; images of Christ, of His blessed Mother and of the saints; and finally subjects relative to the ecclesiastical liturgy,—all are more or less veiled in allegory. The subject of Christian art in symbolism is, not only to represent an object, but to translate it into a symbol, making this latter the vehicle of a subject which it does not visibly represent. The material object then becomes spiritualised, and the invisible takes its place in the mind. We have not to invent, or labour to discover the interpretation of these symbols. Contemporaneous with the artist's brush in the cemeteries, the voice and pen of the Church's pastors were busy in the same language of symbols, and in what has come down to us of their utterances we have the key

* It is right to add that the precise meaning of this decree has been called in question. See Hefele, 'History of the Church Councils,' (Eng. Tr., vol. I, p. 151).

to what was painted under their direction in the chambers of subterranean Rome.

One of the most ancient symbols found there is the anchor, explained by St Paul as in its strength and stability a figure of Christian hope.* The primitive idea is developed, when a transverse line combines with it, to give the idea of the Cross. A further development couples with it a bird, especially a dove, the symbol of innocence and of those gifts of the Holy Ghost, which are received in baptism. Many accessories come to be added, a green branch, or a wreath; or the bird is pecking at grapes, the fruit of eternal life, or drinking from a fountain.

Another very ancient symbol is the Good Shepherd. In all its varieties, now with the lamb on His shoulders, now seated in the midst of His flock, now surrounded by His apostles, it symbolises the salvation and redemption of men. In this symbol, as in others as well, the accessory is sometimes transferred into the position of the principal: the *mulctra*, or pail, of the shepherd stands for the shepherd Himself, as when in one example, it stands between two sheep, or in another, is represented on the back of a sheep, and surrounded with a nimbus.

Of all the symbols the fish is the most remarkable. This symbol began with Christianity, and only gave place to what has been called the monogram of Constantine. It has two significations, the first is taken from the acrostic the Greek word for a fish (IXΘYC), being composed of the initial letters of the words for 'Jesus Christ, Son of God, Saviour.' This is found, not only on the paintings of the catacombs, but also engraved on gems. It is usually not isolated, but represented in combination with the dove, or anchor, or with bread. The most important theological combination is with bread.

In one of the chambers of the cemetery of Callixtus there is a series of paintings in which, under the symbolism familiar to the Christians, the operation of grace through the ministry of the Church is displayed with the simplicity of a catechism. Christ, the source of grace and of authority in His ministers, is shown as the rock from which Peter, as a new Moses, draws the saving stream. In this water a fisher of souls has taken one, a little fish

* Hebrews vi, 18-19.

(the *pisciculus* of Tertullian *), and hard by, the neophyte is represented as receiving baptism. Then the Paralytic carrying his bed recalls to us the remission of sin which the miracle declared. To this succeed three subjects closely connected in meaning, often found separately in the catacombs, but here placed side by side for greater distinctness. In the centre appears the Eucharistic Banquet—a table on which loaves and a fish are placed, with seven persons seated, and in front, baskets filled with loaves; an allusion to the multiplication miraculously wrought when our Lord first announced that He was to leave us His flesh and blood. (St John, ch. vi). To the left of this painting is another, representing a priest in the act of consecration before a tripod, on which a loaf of bread is set beside a fish; a woman stands by in the act of praying with extended hands. To the right of the central painting is shown the Sacrifice of Isaac, a type of the Sacrifice of the Cross, daily presented anew in the Sacrifice of the Altar. To close the lesson, the Raising of Lazarus tells of the reward that is in store for the soul, faithful to the grace received in baptism, or restored in the sacrament of reconciliation, and endowed with new strength in the Holy Eucharist.

This symbolical application of the fish is drawn from the third apparition of our Lord on the shore of the Lake of Tiberias. (St John, xxi, 1-14). The passage is commented on by St Augustine, who says that the broiled fish represents Christ Himself, *piscis assus, Christus passus*. This is illustrated by the inscription of Abercius †:

'Faith conducted me, and put before me for food a fish that was taken from a fountain of the purest water, and was held in the arms of the chaste Virgin; she gives it to be eaten by her friends in every place, giving them likewise exquisite wine mingled with water, along with bread. . . . Those who understand these things, pray for me.'

A similar light is thrown on the symbol by the inscription of Autun ‡:

* See p. 18, line 26.

† An inscription said to be at least as early as A.D. 180 (see *Month*, May 1890).

‡ A Greek inscription dating from the third century.

'O divine offspring of the heavenly IXΘYC, receive with a heart full of veneration immortal life among mortals. Renew the youth of thy soul, O my friend, in the divine waters, through the eternal stream of wisdom that gives true riches. Take the delicious food of the Saviour of the saints; eat, drink, holding the IXΘYC in your hands.'

This meaning was well known to those who directed the decorations of the catacombs. In the crypt of Lucina, in a chamber dating from the end of the first century, twice we have the representation of a fish, which bears on its back a basket made of twigs, filled with loaves of the sort called *mamphula* by the Romans, and containing each a vessel holding wine; a clear allusion to the Divine Institutor of the Holy Eucharist bearing or sustaining the sacramental elements, and, perhaps, to the sacerdotal character in His ministers, according to St Jerome who, speaking of Exuperius, the bishop, says:

'There is no one richer than he who carries the body of Christ in a wicker basket and His blood in a vessel of glass.'

The second signification of the fish is, as we have seen, exemplified in the chamber just described. The allusion is to the parable of the draught of fishes (Matthew xiii. 47; *cf.* Luke v. 10), and is common in the discourses of the Fathers. Tertullian places the two meanings side by side:

'Nos autem pisciculi sumus, secundum Piscem nostrum magnum.'
'Now, we are little fishes, according to our great Fish.'

There is another doctrine which receives prominence more than once in the catacombs, and it is the merciful indulgence with which the Church was accustomed to temper severity in regard to those who had fallen. The discipline of the Church regarding her penitents was often attacked, sometimes on the pretext of its rigour, but more frequently on the score of laxity. Writers who lived at the time when the paintings in the catacombs were executed, tell us of the angry controversies that raged on the subject. In the third century the confessors from their prisons used to write letters of recommendation

to the bishops in favour of the guilty who had to expiate their faults by the long and painful discipline of the penitential canons, to hasten their reconciliation out of consideration for the sufferings of the intercessors. This custom, in some instances carried to excess, gave rise to disorders, and even to the schism of Novatian who altogether denied absolution to the lapsed; and this harsh spirit in its turn was the occasion of an opposite error, which revolted against it and encouraged the presumption and violence of the lapsed, who insisted on having reconciliation without previous penance. A figure of the Good Shepherd, with, not a lamb, but a goat upon His shoulders, in the cemetery of Priscilla, is the answer to the severity of the rigorists; and two inscriptions, both of which have St Damasus for their author, reveal some incidents of the troubles caused by the agitators for greater indulgence. One was placed at the tomb of Pope Marcellus, the other decorates the grave of Pope Eusebius. Both of these saintly pontiffs were violently attacked for their defence of the Church's discipline, and the divisions among the people reached such a point that the Pagan authorities intervened to preserve public peace, as happened in the case of St Eusebius who, as well as his opponent Heraclius, was sent into exile.

Such is but a rapid sketch of the traces of dogmatic teaching still to be found in the ruins of the Roman Catacombs. The subject is far from exhausted. Not the doctrines only but the liturgy and the religious observances, the jurisdiction of the Church's pastors, the order and grades of the ecclesiastical hierarchy and of the ministerial offices, the high honour in which sacred virginity was held, and the rite by which it was solemnly consecrated, are all set before us with an evidence that admits of no doubt that we are reading the records of our forefathers in the faith. Yet the materials are but the poor survivals of centuries of devastation and neglect. Could we see these 'subterranes' in their triumphal age, when St Jerome spent in them his days in devotion, and Pope Damasus delighted to adorn the trophies of the martyrs with marbles and mosaics and classic verse, when pilgrims from countries just born to Christian Rome crowded to venerate the heroes of their mother Church, and when from the city itself, on the anniversaries of the

great witnesses to the faith, clergy and people thronged round their altar tombs to celebrate the liturgy we preserve to this day, we should cry with a voice of exulting recognition:

Truly we are the heirs of God, we are His people; for we are in the house which the Most High hath founded.

Luther and Tetzel.

BY THE REV. SYDNEY F. SMITH, S.J.

TWO leading characters occupy the stage in the opening scene of the great drama of the Reformation—Luther and Tetzel. The conflict in which they became engaged, although it lasted only for a couple of years, or rather less, must always be of interest. It cannot indeed be said any longer that, had there been no Tetzel with his scandalous preaching of the Indulgence, there would have been no Luther to inaugurate the glorious Reformation. We know now that Luther's heterodox views had for some years past been maturing in his mind, and that sooner or later they must have involved him in a breach with the Church. Still, an encounter with an Indulgence-preacher was just the kind of event to attract the eyes of others towards him, and Luther made the most of it, and certainly succeeded in making out of it a veritable stepping-stone to fame. It became the event which gained for him a European reputation.

Martin Luther was born at Eisleben, in Saxony, in 1483. His father, Hans Luther, was a miner, and at the time of their eldest son's birth, was in great poverty, although he afterwards became sufficiently prosperous to own several furnaces at Mansfeldt, a

town about fifteen leagues from Eisleben. When Martin was about fourteen, he was sent to school with the Franciscans at Magdeburg, and after a year to another school at Eisenach. It was here, that whilst, after the custom of poor scholars, singing for alms before the windows of well-to-do people, he won the regards of a certain lady named Ursula Cotta. The result was that, with her husband's approval, she took him to reside in her house, and thus enabled him to go on in due course to higher studies. Accordingly, in 1501, being now eighteen, he was sent to the University of Erfurt, another Saxon town of the neighbourhood, and there we are told he made great progress in his study of philosophy and classics. "The whole University," wrote Melanchthon, the colleague of his after-days, "admired his genius." In one respect, however, he seems to have been curiously neglectful of the opportunities which this University offered him. Since the invention of printing, about 1450, the printing-presses of Germany had multiplied editions of the Bible both in Latin and English, and a widespread interest in the study of the Sacred Text had naturally ensued. This was particularly true of Erfurt. "Erfurt," says Janssen, "was a place where Biblical study was in its bloom at that time, much importance being attached to it, and a distinct course of lectures being devoted to it." And yet, says d'Aubigné, repeating the tale which used to be so dear to the Protestant mind: one day "he had then been two years at Erfurth and was twenty years old—he opens every book in the library (of the Augustinian monastery). One volume . . . attracts his attention. He had never until this

hour seen its like. He reads the title—it is a Bible! a rare book unknown in those times."[1]

In 1505, he took his doctor's degree, and shortly afterwards entered the Augustinian convent in the town, the convent in whose library he had discovered the Bible. His mode of entering was strange and sudden. He was travelling by night, and was caught in a thunderstorm. The lightning flashed right over his head, and kneeling down, he made a vow to St. Anne that if he were preserved from death he would enter a monastery. The storm blew over, and he returned to Erfurt. That evening he bade adieu to his friends, and at midnight knocked at the door of the Augustinian convent in the town. They took him in apparently without difficulty, not fearing, as the Superiors of a modern religious house would most certainly fear, lest a vocation thus suddenly formed should be afterwards as suddenly abandoned. In 1508, he was transferred from the monastery at Erfurt to the monastery of the same Order at Wittenburg. It was the residence and principal city of the domain of the Elector John Frederick of Saxony, and this Prince had just founded there a new University in the welfare and progress of which he was keenly interested. Luther, now a priest, was appointed Professor of Philosophy in this new University.

That he showed talent in the discharge of his professorial duties, as likewise of others which were

[1] *History of the Reformation*, i. p. 156, English Translation. D'Aubigné refers for this statement to Mathesius, one of Luther's companions. Mathesius is not a very trustworthy writer, but even he does not say as much as this. Nevertheless, the story has become a cherished Protestant tradition, and is embodied in a painting belonging to the Bible Society, the book-plates from which are widely circulated.

assigned to him, is not to be denied. It must be clear to any careful student of his history and writings that he was endowed with talent of a high order. His thought indeed was full of confusion, and one marvels how a man of talent could pass through a systematic course of theological study, and yet show himself to have so completely missed and confounded notions which by the general mass of students were correctly imbibed. But if he was unable to analyze an idea into its constituents, as is necessary for one who will apprehend it correctly, he could take hold of an idea as a whole, if it happened to please him, with a firm grasp, and set it forth to himself and others in a thoroughly popular way, by the aid of vigorous speech and homely illustration. Then, too, he had an imperious will, which overmastered the mass of those brought into contact with him. In short, he was a born leader of men, and belonged to the first rank of popular writers and orators.

His spiritual experiences during the ten years of monastic life which preceded his breach with the Catholic Church were at all events interesting. According to his own account, he was "a Religious of the strictest observance." "I was a pious monk," he says, "and so strictly followed the Rule of my Order, that I dare to say if ever any man could have been saved by monkery, I was that monk." "I was a monk in earnest, and followed the Rules of my Order more strictly than I can express. If ever monk could obtain Heaven by his monkish works, I should certainly have been entitled to it. Of all this the friars who have known me can testify.

If it had continued much longer, I should have carried my mortifications even to death, by means of watchings, prayers, readings, and other labours." How far this may have been true it is difficult to say. Whatever his fellow-monks may have been able to testify, there is no extant record of their confirmatory testimony on this point. One thing at least is clear from Luther's own words. His spiritual endeavours, whether earnest or not, were singularly ill-regulated. In his zeal for reading, we are told he sometimes omitted his Office for three or four weeks together, after which in a fit of remorse he would set to work to repair the omission by continuous recitation of all that had been left unsaid. This is hardly what one would have expected in one claiming that his observance was punctiliously exact. However, it seems that he was much agitated during this period by the sense of sin. Apparently he had strong passions which frequently asserted themselves, and which he sought to subdue by prayer and fastings, but in subduing which the conception of God which he placed before him was very much that of a God of avenging justice and very little that of a God of mercy. His companions were distressed by his singularity, and naturally doubted whether he was not mad, and when one day the reading in the refectory was of the Gospel of the man possessed by a blind and dumb devil whom our Lord cured, Luther suddenly flung himself upon the ground and cried out aloud: "It is not I! It is not I!" He was in fact in a thoroughly morbid state of soul, and was besides the victim of intense scrupulosity. His superior, Staupitz, gave him occasionally some good and sensible advice,

as when he said to him: "Enough, my son; you speak of sin, but know not what sin is; if you desire the assistance of God, do not act like a child any longer." The advice was certainly required, but it does not seem to have left any abiding impression on his mind. What eventually brought on the crisis in his life was, if we are to believe what is recorded, a vision of an old monk who met him one day when out walking. "I know," said the old monk, what will cure you of the evils which torment you." "What is it?" said Luther. "Faith," responded the monk. "Have you not read the words of St. Bernard, in his sermon on the Annunciation: Believe that through the merits of Jesus thy sins will be forgiven; it is the evidence which the Holy Spirit infuses into the heart of man; for he says, Believe, and thy sins shall be forgiven."

St. Bernard's doctrine is sound enough. Faith, the faith which relies on God's word, is the underlying virtue among those by which man prepares his heart for the Divine forgiveness. But Luther put his own sense on the word "faith" and on the corresponding word "justification;" taking the one to mean an assurance of personal salvation ("Believe firmly that you undoubtedly are justified, and then you are justified"); and the other to mean, not an infusion of justice into the heart of the person justified, but a mere external imputation of it. For such a doctrine there is no warrant in Scripture, but, having managed to connect in his own mind, and afterwards in the minds of others, the word "faith" with this unnatural meaning, he could appeal to all the passages in St. Paul's Epistles which assert that justification is by

faith, and claim them as so many proofs of his newly-discovered doctrine. It is this doctrine which he afterwards called the *Articulus stantis vel cadentis Ecclesiæ;* and, if we cannot quite accept this description of it, at least we can recognize that it is the corner-stone of the Lutheran and Calvinistic systems. It strikes at the very roots of the Catholic system of sacraments and grace, of penance and satisfaction, especially as Luther managed to graft on to it a doctrine of the non-freedom of the human will, and of the total depravity of fallen nature. This crisis must have taken place two or more years before his breach with the Church, and during the interval he does not appear to have been conscious, although others noticed it, of the growing opposition of his views to those of the Catholic Church.

We have now before us, as fully as is possible within the limits of a short essay, a picture of this champion of Protestantism. I will pass on then to the occasion which led to his encounter with Tetzel.

Julius II., who, according to Pastor, had the truer claim to give his name to the age usually called the age of Leo X., had it brought under his notice that the ancient Basilica of St. Peter, which had been given to the Church by the Emperor Constantine, was now falling into decay. He determined to use the opportunity, and to employ all the architectural talent of that brilliant period, in order to erect a new Basilica in its place which by its magnificence should be worthy of its position as the memorial of the Apostles and the central church of the Catholic world. Did it lie within our subject-matter, we might

take occasion to lament that a work so excellent in itself should have been accompanied by the destruction of the older Basilica. But I have too much matter to deal with to permit of such digression. Julius II. commenced the work, and devoted large funds to its accomplishment. These, however, were far from sufficient, and it became evident that the cost of a building of such magnitude could be defrayed only by a successful appeal to the piety of the Christian world. Accordingly, Leo X., the successor of Julius, proclaimed an Indulgence: that is to say, he granted an Indulgence of a most ample kind to all, wherever they might be, who would contribute according to their means towards the expenses of the rising Basilica.

This is not the place for a detailed exposition of the Catholic doctrine of Indulgences, but it is necessary that the reader should bear in mind its leading features. An Indulgence, as may be seen from any Catholic exposition of doctrine, from the Catechism of the Council of Trent downwards, does not profess to pardon the guilt of past sin and reconcile the soul to God; still less does it pretend to give leave for future sins. What it offers is a remission of the temporal punishment remaining over when the guilt and eternal punishment of the sin has been forgiven. It thus presupposes, and usually enjoins explicitly, as indispensable for gaining its fruits, that the person should first seek the pardon of guilt in the Sacrament of Penance; and it enjoins, as the condition of gaining it, some work of piety or charity, such as prayer or almsgiving. Now what we have to consider is whether it be true that the system of Indulgences,

into contact with which Luther was brought, differed in any essential particulars from our modern system. This is necessary, because the charge brought against the Catholic Church as justifying Luther's revolt from her obedience was, in its original and ancient form, that Indulgences were permissions to commit sin, or at least pretended remissions of the guilt of sin, sold in the most barefaced way over the counter, so to speak, for sums of money, amidst degrading accompaniments. We have partially succeeded in convincing modern and more enlightened students that this is by no means a true account of our teaching, and have caused them to remodel the charge, which, as it now-a-days mostly runs, is that we have altered our system from what it was in the days of Luther; that then it certainly pretended to be a sale of forgiveness for money, but that now, in deference to the outcry made against such an enormity, we have revised it, and cast it into a more subtle form.

We have to notice then that at all events in offering an Indulgence in return for alms to a good work, Leo X. was acting not differently from our modern Church. Almsgiving, especially when it is for some sacred object, is a recognized form of good work, such as may be stimulated and rewarded by an Indulgence. Thus it is one of the required conditions for one or two of the eight great Indulgences. In this latter case the Pope leaves it free to us to apply our alms to such religious objects as our conscience suggests. But there is no reason why he should not himself present to us a particular object. He might, for instance, grant an Indulgence to those

who would give alms for the new Westminster Cathedral, in which case he would only be doing what was done by his predecessors to assist the building of most of the great Cathedrals which are England's glory. Or he might prescribe that the alms should be applied to some still more universal object. He might, for instance, attach an Indulgence, either partial or plenary, to the alms which he asks of us on the Epiphany for Indian Seminaries, or on Good Friday for the Holy Places at Jerusalem. This last-mentioned object closely resembles that of the Indulgence of Leo X. Regard the building of St. Peter's merely as the erection of a fine architectural monument, and the sacred character of the work is easily forgotten. But regard it as the erection of a house of God far more truly such than the Temple of Solomon, and its sacred character at once returns into prominence. So far, then, we have discovered no impropriety in the Pope's action.

In our own days, if such an Indulgence were proclaimed, the Pope would write to the Bishops, directing them to make the announcement to the residents in their dioceses, and to make arrangements for the placing of alms-boxes in the several churches, for the time and manner most appropriate for giving in the alms, and likewise for some official method of forwarding to Rome what had been collected. Probably if the Indulgence offered were of the public kind to be mentioned presently, the Bishops would also be exhorted to see that special sermons were preached and devotions held, so that the Indulgence-time might be a time of grace. We know that such is the modern custom at the time of what is called a

Jubilee Indulgence—an Indulgence which comprises not merely the Indulgence strictly so-called, or the remission, plenary or partial, of temporal punishment, but also the bestowal on many confessors of special faculties to absolve from cases otherwise reserved to Bishops or to the Holy See. In the days of Luther the method followed was in principle the same, but in its actual details somewhat different.

For the preaching of this Indulgence in Germany that country was divided into three parts, with only one of which we need to concern ourselves. Albrecht of Brandenburg, Archbishop of Mainz, Bishop of Magdeburg, and Administrator of the see of Halberstadt, was appointed commissioner for the district comprising the whole of Saxony and Brandenburg. That is to say, it was his office to see that the Indulgence was effectually made known in these parts, and to collect the money given. With him was associated the Guardian of the Franciscans at Mainz, but the latter seems to have renounced his charge, and hardly figures in the history. This Albrecht—who, it may be incidentally remarked, was a young man of high family, only twenty-four at the time of his appointment—was under the usual obligation of paying the fee for his Pallium. That there should have been such fees is quite intelligible, for the Holy See with its vast staff of officials for the conduct of a world-wide business must be supported, and it is right that those for whose benefit they are established should support them. Still, it was a grave scandal, and must be acknowledged as such, that the fees exacted should have been so enormous. In Albrecht's case they amounted to no less than thirty thousand

gold guldens. What made matters worse, was that this was the third vacancy in the see within a short interval. Thus the burden on the revenues of the see was crushing.

Albrecht undertook to provide the sum out of his own private resources, and this is how he did it. By representing to the Pope the greatness of the difficulty, he obtained the commissionership of the Indulgence, with leave to retain a certain portion of the proceeds for himself, on the understanding that he paid up his Pallium money at once. This arranged, on the security of the Indulgence he proceeded to borrow the necessary sum from the famous bank of the Fuggers at Augsburg, a consequence of which arrangement was that the Fuggers sent a clerk to accompany the Indulgence-preachers, who kept one of the three keys to the alms-chests. This transaction of Albrecht's is another disedifying thing to which we must frankly acknowledge, but it probably illustrates the mode in which, beginning from the most harmless intentions, a man may gradually and unconsciously entangle himself in a grave scandal.

Albrecht's next duty was to choose a subcommissioner to whom he might entrust the actual preaching of the Indulgence, and he chose John Tetzel. Tetzel was a Dominican friar, who seems to have been endowed with a gift of popular eloquence, which enabled him to draw large congregations and to move them to contribute handsomely to the objects advocated. He had had much experience and an uninterruptedly successful career as an Indulgence-preacher during the two previous decades, for it must not be supposed that the Indulgence for St. Peter's

Church was a novelty at the time. It was a novelty perhaps in its importance and amplitude, but was but one among many Indulgences which were being constantly issued in aid of one good work or another.

We have now reached Tetzel, but before informing ourselves of the manner in which he fulfilled his commission, we must notice briefly the character of the instructions given to him. Our concern is much more with the system than with the man who had to work it, and even as regards him, in the great dearth of direct evidence, we have a better chance of judging him fairly in proportion as we can understand better the nature of his charge. Archbishop Albrecht issued an *Instructio Summaria ad Subcommissarios Pœnitentiarum et Confessores.* It is a long document, and in it he first prescribes to the preachers and their assistant the mode in which they were to conduct themselves, and explains very lucidly the character and provisions of the Indulgence. The directions for the preacher are, no one can deny it, both wise and edifying. All are to begin by taking an oath of fidelity to observe these directions, and are threatened with censures and deprivation of office in the case of neglect. They are to keep always in mind the glory of God, the reverence due to the Apostolic See, and the furtherance of the object for which the alms are solicited. They are to conduct themselves everywhere in a becoming manner, and to avoid taverns and doubtful houses, and likewise excessive and useless expenses, "lest their conduct should be despised, and with it the religious exercises over which they are to preside." They are to know that in hearing confessions they are constituted Apostolic penitentiaries, as repre-

senting the Pope, and are endowed accordingly with ample faculties, and they are to be careful that their behaviour is worthy of so exceptional an office. Hence they are to see that they set up their confessionals—over which they are to place the Papal arms, and their own names in large letters—only in places sufficiently open and public, nor must they hear confessions during the sermons or Stations of the Cross, lest they should seem to be drawing away the people from the fruit of the Divine Word. Nor again are they to hear any confessions outside the church where the Indulgence Cross is erected, save those of persons legitimately hindered from coming by sickness or old age, and those of great nobles. When they reach a town in their course they are to erect an Indulgence Cross, and daily after Vespers and Compline, or after the *Salve Regina*, or at some other suitable time, they are to gather round the Cross and solemnly venerate it. They are to give at least three sermons each week as long as the Station in any place lasts, whilst in Advent or Lent, they must give one every day, and on feast-days two. And during these sermons there is to be no preaching elsewhere, that the people may be free to attend.

During the first week they are to explain clearly the nature and immense value of the Indulgence offered, and likewise of the Papal power to grant it. In explaining too, they are to keep to the text of the Bull, and show how it empowers them to absolve and dispense, commute or compound, nor must they run off into strange and irrelevant subtleties, a thing the less tolerable since the Bull itself provides them with

abundant material for their discourse, all drawn from the heart of theology and canon law.

This brings us to the other point in the Bull, the nature of the graces, *i.e.*, the benefits offered. There are, says Albrecht's summary, "*four principal graces* which it grants. Of these the *first* is a 'Plenary Indulgence,' or plenary remission of all sins by which the pains of Purgatory are fully forgiven and blotted out." The term "plenary remission of sins" should be remarked, as it is on such a phrase that those fix who strive to make out that an Indulgence is a forgiveness of the guilt of sin. But the phrase is usual in grants of Indulgence even to this day, and means, as the expository clause just given distinctly declares, a remission of the sin as regards all its temporal punishment. In such a remission a sacramental absolution is presupposed as having taken away the guilt and eternal punishment, and it is because, by supervening on this, the Indulgence takes away likewise all the temporal punishment, that it is called a "plenary remission of sins."

The Instruction goes on to assign the conditions for gaining this Plenary Indulgence. "Although (it says) nothing can be given in exchange which will be a worthy equivalent for so great a grace, the gift and grace of God being priceless, still that the faithful may be the more readily invited to receive it, let them, *after having first made a contrite confession*, or at least having the intention of so doing at the proper time, visit at least seven churches assigned for this purpose, and in each say devoutly five Our Fathers and Hail Marys in honour of the Five Wounds of Jesus Christ, by which our redemption was wrought;

or else one *Miserere*, to obtain pardon for sins." The italicized clause is to be specially noticed, as proving conclusively that there was no thought of granting absolution of guilt otherwise than through the Sacrament of Penance. The visit to seven assigned churches, for which in smaller places visits to seven altars were substituted, marks the intention of assimilating this Indulgence to the Indulgence of the Seven Stations practised in the City of Rome.

A second condition for the Indulgence was the contribution towards the building expenses of St. Peter's, and Archbishop Albrecht proceeds to prescribe the necessary amount according to the rank and means of the contributors. Kings and royal persons, Archbishops and Bishops, must contribute at least twenty-five Rhenish gold florins; abbots, counts, and barons, ten florins; others down to those whose annual income is about five hundred florins, must contribute six; those with an income of two hundred must give six florins; others half a florin. If there should be any difficulty about these amounts the parties are to consult their confessors, and with their advice to give what seems a becoming proportion of their means, and the confessors are to remember that the object for which the Indulgence is granted is not less the salvation of the faithful than the needs of the building; and accordingly are not to send any one away without his Indulgence for want of means to contribute. Of the poor it is added specially that "those who have no money must supply by their prayers and fasts, since the Kingdom of Heaven should be made open to the poor as much as to the rich." This scale of assessments disproves the buying

and selling theory. If it were true that Indulgences were offered as goods in the market, to be bought and sold, the prices should have been uniform for all. The code of prices disappears, and that of contributions comes in, when such a scale of assignments as this is borne in mind. Besides, as we have seen, the notion of price is expressly repudiated in the Instructions.

So much as to the first principal grace offered, which was the Plenary Indulgence itself. The *second principal grace* was the grant of what was called a *Confessionale.* This was permission to choose a suitable confessor from the ranks either of the secular or regular clergy, who, being chosen, would in virtue of the grant have power to absolve the recipient of the *Confessionale* once in his life (1) from any censures he might have incurred, (2) from all sins otherwise reserved to the Apostolic See or by the Bishops; and (3), as often as desired, from sins not reserved; (4) to communicate to him a Plenary Indulgence once in life and in time of danger of death; and likewise to dispense him from certain vows and to minister to him the Holy Eucharist. Such a *Confessionale,* like the Indulgence, which has been called the first principal grace, was granted in view of alms contributed to the building fund, though the alms in this instance was much less—a mere nothing in fact—for it was only a quarter of a florin; and besides it was given to the poor gratuitously. These permissions to choose a confessor, and grants to the person chosen of the ample faculties mentioned, were attested by written documents. Such a document was obviously necessary that it might be known at any time afterwards that

the holder had really received the permission which it recorded. But it must not be supposed that the *Confessionale* (for this name is usually applied to the document) was itself any forgiveness of sins. The absolution could only be given in the confessional when the holder approached his chosen confessor in the Sacrament of Penance and sought absolution in the usual way. This is another important point, for those who undertake to show that Indulgences were bought and sold are wont to appeal to these *Confessionalia* and say: "Here is the Indulgence itself with the price named upon it." Such persons must be told that they are under a complete misapprehension; that, to begin with, the *Confessionalia*, as seen in this one crucial case, had nothing to do with a Plenary Indulgence to be gained then and there; and secondly, that they gave no Indulgence themselves, still less forgiveness of sins, but only attested the leave given to choose a confessor and the grant to him of special power to be used in the Sacrament of Penance.

Of the third and fourth principal graces I need say nothing, as they have no bearing on the Indulgence controversy.

We can see now that this historical Indulgence, at all events in the form in which it was conceived by Leo X. and by his Commissioner, Albrecht of Brandenburg, did not differ in kind, and hardly in its circumstances, from those to which we are accustomed. We can see, too, that the intention was to make the preaching of the Indulgence into a sort of "mission," as we should now term it, the people being stirred up by special prayer and devotions during the period of one or two weeks, to take seriously to heart the

affair of their souls, and to make a good Confession and Communion. Evidently the aim was to associate the erection of a church which was to be the head of all Churches with a grand religious awakening throughout the world. The Pope therefore and his commissioners must be acquitted of the blame which the attacks of Luther have heaped upon them, and this is the point of principal importance which we have desired to prove.

But what about Tetzel, and the actual execution of the project? Was he faithful to the injunctions given him, or did he disregard them utterly, and pervert the good purpose of the Indulgence into a downright scandal?

According to the accounts that have come down to us from Protestant sources he went about with much parade. When he entered a town he came seated in a magnificent car, with the Bull resting on a velvet cushion, and a red cross carried in front of him. On his approach the bells were rung, and all flocked out to meet him. When he reached the principal church of the place, the red cross was erected, the Bull placed in front of it, and likewise a large money-chest. Then Tetzel ascended the pulpit and began to extol the value of his wares.

"Indulgences," he said, "are the most precious of God's gifts. . . . Come, and I will give you letters by which even the sins you intend to commit may be pardoned. I would not change my privileges for those of St. Peter in Heaven, for I have saved more souls by Indulgences than the Apostle by his sermons." Then he appealed to them to buy. "Bring—bring—bring," he said, pointing to his strong

box, and, according to Luther, he used to shout these words with such a bellowing that you might have thought him a mad bull.[1]

If such were Tetzel's methods, no wonder that good men were scandalized. And we are told that the scandal was brought forcibly under Luther's notice in the following manner. Tetzel had come to Jutabock, a place not far from Wittenberg. Into Wittenberg itself he was not permitted to enter, but the inhabitants went off to hear him, and Luther's penitents came back refusing to give up their sins. When he exhorted and rebuked them, they showed him the Indulgences they had received from Tetzel, and told him they had bought permission to continue in their sins, whilst nevertheless assured of immunity from guilt and punishment. This is the traditional story, but a very decisive argument entitles us to dismiss it at once. Luther, as we are about to see, presently framed his indictment against Tetzel, and it does not contain a word of suggestion that the latter undertook to forgive future sins. Presumably therefore what happened was much more simple. Those who were wont to attend Luther's confessional at Wittenberg, on this occasion went to the neighbouring town to gain the Indulgence. If Luther was already set against the doctrine of Indulgences, the natural effect of such an incident would be to stir the bile of so excitable a person, and that this was in reality his doctrinal position at the time, is clear from a sermon which he forthwith delivered at the Castle church. For in it he denounced not only Tetzel, but the very doctrine of Indulgences which the Catholic Church

[1] D'Aubigné, *Ibid.* pp. 241—243.

holds still as she ever has held. It cannot be proved from Scripture (he says) that Divine justice demands of the sinner any other penance or satisfaction save reformation of heart. "Do nothing in favour of Indulgences. Have you means: Give to him who is hungry; that will be more profitable than to give it for heaping up stones and much better than to buy Indulgences."

A short time afterwards he drew up his famous Theses against Tetzel's preaching, ninety-five in number, and on the eve of All Saints, 1517, nailed them to the door of the same Castle church. It was a challenge to all opposers to meet him in the arena of theological disputation, when he would be prepared to defend the doctrines contained in the Theses. It is a mistake to suppose that any exceptional courage was required to make the challenge, which was in accordance with the custom among scholars of those days. But Luther was availing himself of the custom to play a crafty game. He had, as has been said, already come to hold a doctrinal system, in all essential particulars identical with that which is now called by his name, and in such a system Indulgences can have no place. At the same time he was anxious to continue as long as possible in good favour with the Pope, and hence in his theses he attempts to draw a distinction between Tetzel's doctrine of Indulgences and that of Pope Leo. The former he vilifies; the latter he stamps with his approval. But what he attributes to the Pope is merely his own personal doctrine; what he condemns in Tetzel, being the acknowledged doctrine of the Church, was doubtless also that of the Pope. Still

by this contrivance Luther was able to indulge in professions of submissiveness, as he does for instance in his letter to Leo X. of the following spring, in which he says: "Wherefore, Most Blessed Father, I offer myself prostrate at the feet of your Blessedness with all that I have and am, cause me to live or die, call me or recall me, approve me or condemn me, just as you please, I will recognize your voice as the voice of Christ, who presides and speaks in you." But while he wrote thus to the Pope, in private he expressed himself in other language. To his friend, Spalatinus, he had written on February 15, 1518, that is three months later than the publication of his Theses, but two months before his profession of submission to the Pope's decision: "To you, Spalatinus, alone and to our friends I declare that Indulgences seem to me to be nothing else than an illusion offered to souls, and useful only to those who are lazy and snore over the way of Christ."[1] For holding this, he added that "he had stirred up against him, six hundred Minotaurs, Radamanthotaurs, and Cacotaurs." It will be noticed that in this letter he draws no distinction between Tetzel's doctrine of Indulgences and that of the Pope's. He condemns Indulgences *sans phrase.*

I should have wished to give some specimens of the Ninety-five Theses. This, however, is obviously impossible in a short tract, and I must be content to repeat that their substance, and indeed almost the entirety of their contents, is directed against the very same doctrine which we now hold. Of course Luther misrepresents this doctrine in every particular, but his

[1] De Wette, i. 92.

misrepresentations are such as to show that what he is misrepresenting is our orthodox doctrine and none other. We may therefore draw the valuable conclusion which writers like Bishop Creighton have challenged[1]—that our present doctrine is no new doctrine devised after these sad experiences of the sixteenth century to take the place of one that had become hopelessly discredited, but is in itself the ancient doctrine which has come down to us from time immemorial.

There are no doubt one or two phrases in the Theses which, indirectly rather than directly, suggest that the preachers have made unsound or disedifying statements, and they must be allowed their due weight in our estimate of Tetzel's personal management of his mission. We shall have to mention them presently, for we must now turn to Tetzel, and the way in which he responded to Luther's attacks upon him.

When he saw Luther's Ninety-five Theses, and marked the enthusiasm with which they had been taken up by many influential persons around him, he withdrew from Saxony and retired to Frankfort-on-Oder. Here there was a University in which Conrad Wimpina, a friar of Tetzel's own Order of St. Dominic, was a distinguished professor. He was a friend and former professor to Tetzel himself, and it was natural that the latter should take counsel with him on so critical an occasion. Presently there appeared a set, or rather two sets of theses—Antitheses they were called—in reply to Luther's Ninety-five ; one set of One Hundred and Six Theses being

[1] In his *History of the Papacy*.

a counter-statement of the doctrine of Indulgences, the other of Fifty Theses, on the Papal power to grant them.

The description of Tetzel, given higher upon the faith of Lutheran authorities, prepares us to find in these Antitheses the brutal, reckless, and ignorant utterances of a buffoon. What we do find is a calm and scientific theological statement, quite remarkable for its force and lucidity. Indeed, I do not know where a theologian could go for a more satisfying defence of Indulgences against current Protestant difficulties. Bishop Creighton remarks that Tetzel "does not so much argue as contradict." Of course he does not. Theses are propositions which a theologian is prepared to defend by argument against those who will discuss with him. Arguments, therefore, do not appear in the theses themselves, except in so far as simple statement of the truth is oftentimes itself the best refutation of error; and in this sense, Tetzel's Theses are a luminous refutation of Luther's. They prove at least this, that Tetzel thoroughly grasped both the nature and the complexity of his duties. Thus Luther asserts that "those who believe themselves to be secure of their salvation because of these letters of Indulgences, will be damned together with their teachers." Of course he means to suggest that the contrary was Tetzel's teaching. The latter replies in calmer language: "It is erroneous to say that no one can have such *conjectural* knowledge as human nature is capable of," that he has gained the Indulgence if he has done what the Jubilee requires. Also that "it is erroneous to say that one who has gained the Papal

Indulgence duly in every way, that is, after true contrition and confession, is not reconciled to God." These two propositions completely dispel Luther's fallacy. For we are absolutely certain that if we fulfil all the conditions we gain the fruits of the Indulgence, and as regards the "if," we can have moral, or conjectural certainty, as he calls it, that we have had true sorrow, made a good confession, and done what the Indulgence prescribes.

Again, Luther asserts that it is very hard even for learned men to extol all the amplitude of Indulgences, without depreciating the necessity of true contrition. And he explains that there is this contradiction between the two, that whereas true contrition makes us anxious to embrace penances, Indulgences take them away and cause us to hate them when they come. To this Tetzel replies that even a moderately learned man can extol the two things without difficulty. For Indulgences do not touch remedial penances, whereas this is what true contrition loves to continue throughout life. Again, according to Luther, those preach the doctrine of men who preach that when the coin chinks in the chest, the soul at once flies to Heaven, the suggestion being that this had been Tetzel's preaching. Tetzel by his reply shows us what had been his real teaching which had given a handle to this misrepresentation—"He errs who denies that a soul can fly as quickly up to Heaven as a coin can chink against the bottom of the chest." He does not, that is, offer an assurance that at once on the giving of the money the effect will follow, but that when the effect does

follow it will be sudden and complete in its accomplishment. These are a few specimens to which others could be added in order to prove that Tetzel's Theses are not only theologically correct but compiled with real skill.

There are, however, other qualities about them which cannot fail to impress those who are striving to read the character of the author through the lines of his utterance. It is almost impossible to think of him as a buffoon, such a love of sobriety and moderation pervades every line of his propositions, and not only of the Theses, but likewise of his two sermons or rather notes for sermons, which are still extant. Nor is the pervading tone merely one of sobriety. It is also one of dignified self-repression. He has been made the victim of many outrageous charges, but there is no trace of irritation in his language. He takes up the doctrinal points one after another, but disregards the personal suggestions until he draws near the end. Then he refers to them in a few becoming sentences. "For one who has never heard them (he says) to declare in public Theses that the Indulgence-preachers employ scandalous language (*verborum libidinem*) before the people, and take up more time in explaining Indulgences than in expounding the Gospel, is to scatter lies picked up from others, to spread fictions in place of truths, and to show oneself light-minded and credulous; and is to fall into mischievous error." Here I think we have a true account of what had happened. There were plenty of mischief-makers to concoct scandalous stories if they were likely to be welcomed, and Luther had shown a readiness to welcome this kind of slander,

if not to add to it from his own imagination, and poor Tetzel was the sufferer.

There is another proposition among Tetzel's Theses which shows how keenly he suffered under the injuries done him, and which sets him before us as the very opposite of a buffoon, as a man of delicate feeling, at least of delicate religious feeling. This, however, is a point which I find some difficulty in setting forth, so foul and unbearable are the words which Luther did not hesitate to ascribe to his opponent. Suffice it to say, that he accused him of having not only taught that Indulgences could forgive every sin, but also of having named as gross a sin as a filthy imagination ever conceived, and claimed that even that could be forgiven by the Indulgence then offered. Tetzel replies very quietly and meekly, but evidently with repressed indignation, that of course, as God is prepared to pardon all our sins, even that particular sin, were it possible, comes within the range of Divine forgiveness. Then he adds, "that to ascribe (such words to another) in downright contradiction to the truth of facts, was to be moved by hatred, and to thirst for a brother's blood." It was this charge, however, that ultimately killed him. He got testimonials from the authorities of two towns where some forms of the story had localized the alleged offence, and he sent the manuscript of the sermon supposed to have contained it to the Pope. But after a two years' interval, a Papal envoy, named Miltitz, came into the neighbourhood. He had picked up the stories about Tetzel as he went along, and being hopeful of gaining over Luther by some displays of kindness, he was prone to interpret things

as favourably for the latter as possible. In spite of Tetzel's remonstrances, when Miltitz found him out in his convent at Leipzig, he expressed his belief that the obnoxious words had been really used. Of course this is a piece of evidence against Tetzel which needs to be taken into account. Still it is clear that Miltitz was in other respects over-credulous, and Luther had no difficulty in leading him by the nose when the meeting between them took place. I am inclined, therefore, to lay small stress upon Miltitz's opinion on this point in regard to Tetzel. It was an opinion, however, which fell with terrible weight on the over-wrought Dominican. He took to his bed, and fell into a burning fever, which before long carried him off. If he was innocent, as for my part I firmly believe him to have been, of a blasphemy against the honour of our Blessed Lady, it was peculiarly appropriate that he should have expired just as his brethren in the choir were singing, "*Sub tuum præsidium confugimus, Sancta Dei Genitrix.*"

I have now covered the ground I had marked out for this article. We have seen what I trust will be thought sufficient evidence that the Catholic doctrine of Indulgences was the same in those days as in these, and that the celebrated Indulgence which Luther made use of to lift himself into fame, was projected by no mere greed for gain, but for a high and holy purpose which the arrangements made for its granting might well have seemed calculated to promote. I have also submitted some reasons tending to show that the balance of probability is much more in Tetzel's favour than against him. We must be careful, however, not to press these conclusions too far. It is

quite impossible to deny that there were grave abuses connected with the Indulgence-preaching at that time. Indeed, had there not been, it is not easy to see how Luther could have been so successful in prejudicing large multitudes against the system. Moreover, not to mention other Catholic expressions of opinion, we have to remember that at the Council of Trent, when the proposal was brought forward that these travelling Indulgence-preachers should be abolished altogether, all previous legislation having failed to protect the system against abuse, there was unanimity among the Bishops in favour of the change, the German Bishops being especially zealous for it. The point on which I wish to insist is, in short, not that there were no abuses, but that the abuses lay in practices unworthy of the accepted system, not in the doctrinal system itself. There seems no reason to suppose that these faulty Indulgence-preachers ever went so far as to teach that an Indulgence could be gained by one who had not first, by confession and contrition, obtained forgiveness of all grievous sin, and recovered, if he had ever lost it, the grace of God for his soul. Still less is there evidence that they told their hearers, or that their hearers would have believed them if they had, that an Indulgence was a permission to sin in the future. Catholic doctrine in the past was always too clear, and Catholic missioners too well instructed. Where the preachers misconducted themselves will doubtless have been in their dealing with the monetary aspects of the Indulgence. To recommend the charity for which alms was demanded was perfectly lawful, but we can imagine how they converted such recommendations into a sort of hawking of wares in

their possession, and we can imagine also how a certain amount of avarice may have mingled with the work. It was good then that the change was made, for, thank God, all such abuses are things of the past. There is nothing now to disguise from us, when we give alms at times of Jubilee, or otherwise, that we are giving to God, and that it is God, who can see into our hearts, who will know and judge if we are giving from a humble and contrite heart for His honour and glory, and for the promotion of a good work.

And the result is that under present conditions the system of Indulgences is a system of unmixed spiritual good. Of the Jubilee Indulgence of 1825, as it was held in Rome, Cardinal Wiseman was witness, and has left us an account in his *Four Last Popes:*

It is a year in which the Holy See does all it can to make Rome spiritually attractive, and spiritually only. The theatres are closed, public amusements suspended; even private recreation pressed within the bounds of Lenten regulations. But all that can help the sinner to amendment, or assist the devout to feed his faith and nourish his piety, is freely and lavishly ministered. The pulpit is occupied by the most eloquent preachers, awakening the consciences or instructing ignorance: the confessionals are held in constant possession by priests who speak every language; pious associations or confraternities receive, entertain, and conduct from sanctuary to sanctuary the successive trains of pilgrims; the altars are crowded by fervent communicants; while, above all, the spiritual remission of temporal punishment for sins known familiarly to Catholics under the name of Indulgence, is more copiously imparted, on conditions by no means over easy. Rome, during that year, becomes the attracting centre of Catholic devotion, the magnet which draws it from every side. But it does not exhaust it, or absorb it; for multitudes go back full of gratitude to

Heaven and the Holy See for the blessings which they feel they have received, and the edifying scenes in which they have been allowed to partake.

The Cardinal speaks only of Rome itself, but the same scenes are repeated throughout the world, if on a smaller, in many places a very much smaller, scale. Shortly we shall all have another opportunity of witnessing them, and taking part in them, and shall then know from our experience what a powerful means of grace for the regeneration of souls is a Jubilee Indulgence.

Pilgrimages.

"SO you are going to the great Pilgrimage. I suppose you will enjoy yourself. A pleasant excursion for the time of year."

A pleasant excursion! You are sneering. Well, it may perhaps have its pleasures. All devotions have. The chanting in Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's is pleasant. Some of your better preachers are no doubt pleasant. Yet I suppose you would hold that the services in Westminster Abbey are not without devotion because they have a spice of the pleasant in them. It is not absolutely necessary to devotions—especially public devotions—to make them as unpleasant as possible. Your sneer is unfair.

"Sneers mostly are; so I will give it up. But seriously—in Westminster Abbey I see the pleasure and the devotion too; in your Pilgrimage I can fancy something of pleasure, but I am not clear about the devotion. I don't understand if you want to pray why you can't stop at home to do it instead of spending a lot of money and travelling hundreds of miles."

You, if you wanted something from God, would stop at home, like a good sensible Englishman, and ask for it squatting on your heels at your bedside?

"Squatting on your heels! Why can't you say kneeling on your knees?—you are unnecessarily sharp sometimes."

I beg pardon. In the Protestant church I went to as a boy squatting on the heels was the most reverent posture I saw. When people came in they put their faces inside their hats—why, I know not—then down they sat; some few leaned forward; the holiest squatted. But besides squatting and the hat business I don't remember any reverence, except in the old paupers in the chancel, who holding to some remnant of Catholic usage wheeled sheer round to the East at the Creed; and even they shook their wet umbrellas inside the altar-rails. But don't get angry. I believe you have improved since then, and it has nothing to do with Pilgrimages, so let us get back to our subject. The question is—

Wherein is it better to travel hundreds of miles to pray than to stop at home to pray, and where is the sense of it?

Well, now, in the first place, let us be clear that Pilgrimage is only one of the forms of prayer. Don't be angry if I say that I think we Catholics pray, by the very nature of our religion, more than you. The Catholic Church, looked at as a body, thoroughly fulfils the command to pray always. No moment of time night or day in which the prayers of the Church Catholic are not wreathing up like incense before the Throne of God; and so we are always praying; and as human nature cannot always be doing the same thing without change and variety, the Catholic Church has—what you have not—a great many kinds of the one thing, prayer. Your only idea is going straight to God yourselves privately, or a public service in which a minister puts up petitions, mixed with reading and preaching, you following and listening—other kind of prayer you know not. Now what you ask of God in this one direct way, we ask of God in ten thousand ingenious varieties of devotion, all human—that is, all according to the nature of man—by which we dedicate to God every part of our nature, and are able by their variety to keep up our attention, to touch our feelings and to rouse the warmth of our love.

Let us count up a few of our varieties. While you have only direct prayer, we have first many forms of your direct prayer—as the private prayers we say by ourselves, the prayers in which we join two or three with ourselves, as in Triduos and Novenas—Indulgenced prayers—Confraternity prayers—Litanies—ejaculations, as at the striking of the clock, or at the ringing of the Angelus and De Profundis bell; making Acts as of Faith, Hope and Love; prayers for this reason and for that, with this motive or with that, with different blessings and different promises, so that even in direct prayer the ingenious excuses—to use the word—for praying always make the task lighter to us, and help us to pray much without knowing or thinking that we pray much, and therefore without any chance of conceit or hypocrisy about it. What everybody does makes no man conceited.

But then besides direct prayer there is, firstly, the Holy Sacrifice—the Mass; now without singing and ceremony, and now with singing and little ceremony, and now again with its full splendour of unearthly music and splendid decoration and crowded choir and grandest ceremony.

Then there is the visit to the Blessed Sacrament, and the sweetness and the beauty of Benediction—all prayer, but all different.

Then there is Confession, another form of prayer, and of prayer in which you hear the answer; and Communion, highest form of prayer, and of prayer in which you hear and feel and see the answer.

Then there is Meditation, where the heart speaks and the heart listens and the tongue is silent—Meditation with many varieties, framed for different minds, in which each man's heart makes a prayer-book for itself.

Then there is mixed prayer and Meditation, as that Divine invention, the Rosary, wherein are all the Gospels, all the Creeds, and all the spiritual books—that fifth Gospel which our Lady wrote, and which, as a book would be which is written by a mother, is the prayer-book for the poor, and the prayer-book for the sick and tired, the companion of the journey, the solace of the aching heart and the rest of the weary brain.

"You love the Rosary?"

Love it! But other books have been written on the fashion of our Lady's Book; there are many Rosaries besides the great Divine Rosary: as the Rosary of the Seven Dolours of Mary, of the Precious Blood, and so forth. And then—

"What! another then? When will you come to the end of your kinds of prayer?"

Truly I am astonished myself—I did not think I should have gone on so long. As we forget the mercies of God because we are always eating His food and breathing His air and warmed with His sun; so we live in the air of the Catholic Church and breathe it, and know not how many blessings our good Mother is pouring on us all day long, until we try to count them up. Shall I go on?

"You had better finish the list if you can."

Well, then! there is another kind of prayer—in which are joined meditation with the mind and prayer with the voice and action with the body: another variety which helps us to pray always, where, instead of kneeling still as in meditation, we arise and move about, so aiding the mind to think. Such are the Stations of the Cross. Pictures are hung up, that so the labour of the artist may be pressed into God's service, and that our gad-about eyes, which are so apt to draw our

minds from prayer, may be compelled—poor things!—to help us in praying. Then we travel from picture to picture, making the very restlessness of our body do service in the worship of God. Each picture represents some part of the Passion; we stop and meditate, and offer up that part of the Passion which we see before our eyes, putting that part of the Passion into the Our Father and Hail Mary which we say aloud with our lips, as incense is put into the censer. These Stations are our Home Pilgrimage—pardon the word—to the Holy Land.

Of such sort again, is the Procession; much meaning and variety has the Procession—now of penance, and now of thanksgiving—and now of triumph and now of supplication; sometimes sad and penitential with little pomp, and sometimes with splendid statue and flying banner and rich decoration. Now it is the Procession of the Blessed Sacrament stopping at Altar after Altar to give Benediction, and now of our Lady, and now a penitential procession singing the Litanies.

And of such sort is the real Pilgrimage, in which, indeed, if rightly carried out, are joined together all the other kinds—the greatest of that kind of prayer in which meditation, the prayer of the voice, and the action of the body are united; an actual prayer-book of all devotions, where prayer is lifted on high by ten thousand winged angels, so to speak—is wafted to the heart of God by Holy Sacrifice, by Penance, by the saints, by union, by warmth and earnestness of love. But let me finish my kinds of prayer and then come back to Pilgrimage.

"What! Have you other kinds yet?"

Yes: and I know not how many. Truly, I never thought till now how thoroughly the Church prays always, and how we live a life of prayer. We drink it in at our pores and know it not. There is the prayer of sign and symbol, where we speak to God by the oldest and widest and quickest language of sign and symbol. One of our strongest prayers is like a flash of lightning, in which the putting up of prayer comes likest perchance to the powerful lightning-like descent of grace—an act which is, more even than a word, the image of a thought, which is the making visible of many thoughts at once—the whole Gospel and the Catholic faith compressed into a moment of time—I mean the sign of the Cross. Belief in the Blessed Trinity, in the Incarnation, in the

death of our Lord, and not only belief, but hope and love, are telegraphed to God (if I may dare use such word) by that rapid sign.

Of such kind of telegraphic prayer is the burning of lamps and candles before images—an act of honour put up to bring down the grace—the silent bringing of the gift, that the receiver of the gift may be pleased and grant the favour.

And of a higher kind and more continuous is the wearing of the Scapular, the little vestment which is Mary's livery, and which is worn—as the knight of old time wore the favour of his lady love, a continual sign of his devotion to her—so the Scapular, a continual unceasing expression of our love for and trust in Mary, unceasingly drawing down from our Mother a return of love to us, so that while we love on she cannot leave us; beholding us clad in her livery, gathered under her garment, she kneels ever at the feet of God, and ever pleads her Son's five wounds, and ever the issue of our blood is staunched because we keep fast hold of the hem of Mary's robe.

See now! I must give it up. I might as well count the leaves on a tree, I think, as the variety of the Church's prayers. Even now I had well-nigh forgotten holy water, one of the lightning-flashes, where the treasures of the Cross and the prayers of the Church are gathered in one drop, whereby the Church is "always praying" an ocean of prayers, so seeming weak, so really strong.

I must give it up. I have touched on a few of the clearer and most marked ingenuities of prayer by which the Church enables her children, easily and as by nature, and scarce knowing, to pray always. What I want you to get clear about is that Pilgrimage is one of these varieties of prayer, one of the modes by which men put up their needs to God. It is no mere ceremony, no pleasant excursion, no superstition; it is the solemn, earnest presenting of supplication to God: one of the strongest and best and holiest forms of prayer known upon this earth.

"Yes: one of your forms of prayer. Thus much, I think, I knew before; what I want to know is, where lies the special force of that kind of prayer? Why so strong and good and holy? Why at all better than the prayers which you say at your bedside, without the trouble and expense, the inconvenience and danger, of wandering abroad? A

gipsy kind of prayer, I should call it, unsettling and disturbing to the peaceful quiet influence of home."

Well! well! Home is all very well; rather narrow, isn't it? Wants width. Very English, I know—insular and home-loving as we are—but not world-wide at all. Now Catholic prayer and Catholic doctrine, while they guide, strengthen and purify, all that is noble and good in home and home affections, yet produce a world-wide spirit: the soul opens and gets large, breaks down all petty barriers and trumpery distinctions, and becomes more God-like, embracing in its wide love all creatures. I should put that down as just one of the benefits of Pilgrimage; it is not "homey."

"Ah! you don't care for home!"

Don't I? Not a man in home-loving England loves home better than I. But, pleasant as home is, I fear that it may easily become only a little enlargement of self. Shall I draw you a wicked and sarcastic picture of home? Self made very comfortable in the chimney corner—arm-chair, you know—pipe, yes! certainly, pipe, and—pardon me—pot on the mantel-piece; then a roaring fire—none of your economical stoves, of your headachy hot-water pipes, but a living fire, a fire that makes one of the family, dancing and playing and prattling and singing its cheerful song up the chimney, chaffing in its pleasant way the cold snows and the sharp winds that rail at it without. Then on the other side of the fire, just opposite, is the pleasant face of the "Missus," that dear old face without which you haven't done this thirty years and couldn't do, full of happiest memories and tenderest thoughts, and so sweet to look upon even now—though she shakes her head, does the missus, and vows she is growing old—that to your eyes at least there is no scenery in nature like the pleasant landscape of your missus' face. Then there is Alice—sweet Alice—your eldest born, who leans over the back of your chair and sweeps your face with her brown curls and puts her little finger into your pipe, and does all kinds of tyrannical tricks which somehow are very pleasant; and on your knee is pet Georgey, your youngest born, who says the funniest things in the world, and wants to know why that fine young fellow of twenty-five summers, who is the only stranger in the room, always sits next Alice when he comes; why can't he sit near him or near papa! All this is very pleasant, very softening, very civilizing if you will; but it may easily be only self, with such

accompaniments as make self taste sweeter. As turnips to a boiled leg of mutton—pardon my vulgarity—so is home round your home-loving self.

Too bad, am I? Well, pardon me, it does seem to me that to bring nations together is a higher thing than to bring families together. "How jolly to be all by ourselves!" is the motto of home. "How jolly to make all the big world one large home!" is the motto of the Catholic devotion. I will grant you that the love of home is full of much that is fine; but, nevertheless, I must hold that it is one of the blessings of Pilgrimage that it is not homey. It helps to unite nations who by nature are disunited, rather than keep up the union of those who are already one.

Think how in old times, when steamboats and rail did not hurry men together in any natural way—when the thirst of conquest forced the half-civilized tribes into unceasing war—think how this old devotion of Pilgrimage must have brought the nations together and made them feel their brotherhood in a peace-loving home, something like that boundless home of Heaven. Side by side men of all nations travelled to the shrines of the Holy Land—side by side they came across seas to the shrines of Canterbury—side by side they fought at the Crusades to win the sacred places which they loved so well; and as they travelled and so fought, they learned that there were ties which bound all the world together wider and stronger than the force of wide power, or the narrow limits made by mountain, stream, ocean and varying tongue. A nation is a second home—a small home after all; in it also is some of the selfish smallness of the homes in which charity not only begins but ends also.

Commerce, you say, does the same thing now better than Pilgrimages. Aye! but commerce has self for its end, and Pilgrimages have not; commerce may increase knowledge and so break down the prejudice of ignorance, but it does not of itself foster love. Commerce will murder the Chinese with opium, and pay toll to heathen temples—what matters it? Commerce will eat up native tribes, like a cannibal as it is; and so commerce, after two or three hundred years of rule, will end with a rebellion, because it may bring nations face to face, but cannot weld and fashion them into one.

Now out of sight out of mind—among true proverbs most exceedingly true. And so, especially in an island like ours, Catholics who see no Catholicity but their own get to have a

Catholicity of their own, and a Catholicity of one's own is not a Catholic sort of thing: and they get to lose sympathy with the rest of the Church, and the pains and sorrows of the other limbs of the body are nothing to them. What need the foot care for the head which is aching so fearfully? Verily I believe that that same ocean which is the bulwark of our tight little island was also one of the natural causes of the Reformation. We got homey and selfish; the Crusades united us no more with other nations; and we no longer felt nor loved the Catholicity which we did not see. And Pilgrimages fight against this and keep us wide and Catholic.

"This may be a good fruit of Pilgrimage, but how does it make it a stronger prayer than other prayers?"

Pardon me; your talk of home led me into speaking of this good result; but such good results are a fruit of the good qualities in this kind of prayer, and of these good qualities we will now at length speak.

"Not before it is time."

Your rebuke is just, so to begin at once.—The first good quality is earnestness shown by trouble taken. To kneel at home is but little trouble; to go abroad in Pilgrimage costs much pains and gives great trouble. You cannot be a Pilgrim without spending money, spending time, and suffering inconvenience and hardship of travel. Now trouble is surely a great proof of earnestness, and earnestness goes far to make a strong prayer. A man must be in earnest, or intend to be in earnest, who will rise up and leave home and business and comfort to ask something from God. He may kneel a million times by his bedside and be in little earnest; but if he rise up and cast off every home-tie and spend his whole being for days or weeks in asking his petition, he must mean it. He has given as strong proof of earnestness as a man can give.

In earlier times he must have faced danger as well as trouble. It was no slight risk to travel, even with the protecting sign of the Palmer's dress, through troubled Europe. It was still greater risk to venture to the Holy Places over which the infidel had rule; even now there is more of danger to health and life than in quietly kneeling at home.

All this adds to the strength of prayer. God deals with us according to our nature; and you would yourself be more inclined to listen to the request of a man who had come five hundred miles to make his request than to the un-laborious

prayer of another who had only stepped in from next door. The one you could easily send back to come again; the other must be heard and answered as his earnestness and labour had deserved. You may be obliged to refuse, but you must hear; and if you refuse, you will make your refusal as courteous and as gentle as possible, and gild it with a gift of some other sort.

And if so we deal with one another, how much more will the good God be favourable to any earnestness that we may show? He will surely count the steps of our Pilgrimage and reward every inconvenience and trouble.

Again! Pilgrimage takes openly before the world the side of God. And especially in these days is this virtue of Pilgrimage brought out.

When Europe was Catholic, the Pilgrim haply won the praise of piety; in our days the Pilgrim wins the newspaper's sneer and the critic's contempt. The world would pass God by and deny the power of prayer; the Pilgrim takes no little trouble to acknowledge God's rights in the world and to assert the power of prayer. He bids the world look on while he spends his money and his time simply to get an answer to prayer. And this boldness surely gives a force to prayer. He who boldly declares the right of an exiled king, and goes out to join his king in his exile, surely wins from that king more love and more reward than the peaceful citizen who is content to profess his king in the quiet of his home. So Pilgrimage is a public act of faith in an age of public infidelity—a light shining before us even in a time of extremest darkness. And the faith of a prayer is that which makes it strong.

Then next, Pilgrimage is none of your conceited prayers that stand alone. Knowing its own weakness, it looks round on every side for aid. It besieges the throne of Grace as one of an army. It likes to gather a whole family to its Father's presence, because it knows that a petition of a household is stronger than the petition of a single child. Hence it has the strength of those prayers to which is promised answer

because two or three are gathered together. Pilgrimage is the common action of many, taking the same trouble, showing the same earnestness, putting up the same petitions, and therefore is it strong.

And it shows this humility not only by seeking aid from fellow Pilgrims on earth, but by demanding help also from the citizens of heaven. What is the very meaning of going to the shrine of SS. Peter and Paul or any other saint? It means that we know the weakness of our own prayers because we are sinners, and the strength of their prayers because they are saints: it means that we know also that God has placed us in a family that so the strong may help the weak, and that the weak may show the humility proper to their weakness. So then we go to the saints and demand their strong prayers—demand with the right of a brother and a suffering brother, and a brother who has made himself by his folly so piteously weak. And this humility, this touching acknowledgment of weakness, speaks to our Father's heart. There is no prayer like humility. It tyrannizes over the Heart of God and never has it been heard that He refused it anything.

Then, again, the prayer of Pilgrimage is the prayer put up according to the special will of God, and here is another beauty of its humility. God has willed that such and such a mystery should be specially and at this time brought forward. He has been pleased to draw His children's eyes towards this or that saint, towards this or that place which He has made holy. He has willed to give special and unusual mercies by this channel and in this place rather than in other way. And Pilgrimage, knowing that the giver of mercies must give His mercies as He pleases, that it is not for the receivers of mercies to lay down the laws of place and time and way in which they will receive them; and knowing moreover that our loving Father has loving reasons for His choice— reasons for our good, not His; Pilgrimage, knowing all this, humbly and reasonably will go to the ends of the earth, if God so wills, to receive His favours.

Once more, the Catholicity of which we have already spoken. A prayer is strong that is loving; strong if it remember all the limbs of the body as well as itself, stronger still if it remember

most the limb which is weak and ailing. The show of mercy brings mercy down. Now Pilgrimage has just this Catholicity. Mostly the Pilgrim wanders into foreign lands, and by so wandering declares all members of the human family to be dear to him. Our own recent Pilgrimages have been marked besides by this show of mercy. They have been Pilgrimages of loving prayer for the Holy Father; for torn and suffering France; or, as now, a loving visit to shrines which have been too little loved and are in danger of a dishonour which would bring a shame upon us all.

Much of this strength was in the Pilgrimage which God Himself commanded under the Old Law. Thrice a year the Pilgrims went up to Jerusalem: so travelled our Lord's own feet in Pilgrimage many a time. They went in obedience to God's will; they went to pray together in the same place, they went as one family, and they went to join in the one Sacrifice, which was but a poor and far-off type of the Sacrifice which hallows the Pilgrimages of to-day.

I will add but one thought more. It is part of our human nature that we are stirred by the sight of the very places at which great deeds were done—great sufferings borne. Our nature is bound by time and space, but we can turn our bonds into helps which give new life and power to the soul. In Time—the Anniversary, the Jubilee, the Centenary arouse in us warmer feelings, new thoughts, strong determinations. In Space—the very picture of a place made sacred by some noble history works upon us in the same strong way; still more then the place itself. And so to kneel where a Saint has knelt, to kiss the spot on which a Saint has bled, helps us to love the Saintliness and to follow the Saint. The place speaks to us as no preacher can speak. The stones cry out with more than human voice. Chiefly of course is this true of Rome and of the Holy Places. To kneel where first Mary adored her Son; to pray on the very spot where that Son redeemed the world; to be lifting up prayers on spots which must be very dear, because They have Human Hearts, to Jesus and Mary still, surely this must put a power into our prayers, a warmth, a devotion, a nutrition, a love, which they will hardly have elsewhere: and if when two or three are gathered together, it matters not where,

there is He in the midst of them, much more will He be with them bringing special Blessing, when love has drawn them together on the very spots which He marked for His own from all Eternity and sought for Himself in His Pilgrimage from Heaven.

Up then with you from your arm-chair; away from your home comforts; leave your family and your business to take care for a few days of themselves, or rather bid the angel-guardians take care of them, and away with you to the Holy Places or the tomb of SS. Peter and Paul, and pray there a stronger prayer than ever yet you have prayed. Showers of grace and blessing will come down upon the absent ones, and you will come back more blessed yourself to a more blessed home.

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